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OFFICE OPENS FOR REGISTRATION SEPTEMBER 10th

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¶ Here you will find the most modern, sanitary equipment possible to procure. Every care has been centered in assembling expert operators and modern equipment to best serve YOUR requirements.

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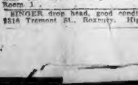

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'27 Nash 4-Pass. Coupe	10@
Rennault Torpedo Roadster	10@
'28 Series Whippet Coach	12@
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At 12 o'clock I will sell buildings located at 68, 85, 86, 88 Lexington Street, 25, 26, 27, 28, 31, 32, 33, 41 and R. 43 Trenton Street, East Boston.

To be removed or demolished from the lots on which they stand on or before September 15th, 1931.

The successful bidder must furnish a bond satisfactory to the Department of School Buildings in the full completion of the work and to protect the City of Boston from all damages.

The City authorities reserve the right to accept or reject all bids.

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1928 Ford Phaeton, Kenmore finish, excellent throughout	1931 AA stake Truck, dual wheels, like new	$450
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'27 Series Essex Coach	40
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'26 Chevrolet Pickup Truck	90
'28 Reo Panel 1½-Ton	90
28-29 Fords, Coupes, Sedans 125 up	
'29 Chevrolet Sed. 8-Str., R. S.	200
6-cyl. Chrysler 8-ster., like new	145
Late '27 Chev. Lan. Sed., like new	80

You'll find your Car here; lots and lots of others.

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A nice sport car with a low operating cost—clean car with good tires; mechanically guaranteed.
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'29 OLDS BUSINESS COUPE $445
Has rumble seat, wide doors, adjustable seat, spacious rear compartment, fine mechanically, motor just overhauled. Guaranteed 30 days; easy terms. Open evenings. 345 Commonwealth Ave. Stadium 3170; open evenings.

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1930 Chrysler Coupe, Model 66. Low mileage; has rumble seat. 1929 Ford Tudor. 1930 Ford Tudor, choice of 5. Small down payment; balance monthly.
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FORD 1929 SPORT COUPE, $510 1929 Coach, $470. 1929 Tudor, $430. 1015 Com. Ave. STA. 3400 Til 9 P. M.

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'28 BUICK Sport Coupe, $446 down, balance 15 small monthly notes. CENTER MOTOR SALES, 415 Mass. Ave.

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President.

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BOARDS 8, 10, or 12 inch, wide 2x4 — 4 sides	Per M $20	2 6x8/8 DOORS	$2.45
BUNGALOW SIDING 10" RED CEDAR	6½c FT.	Other sizes in proportion. CEDAR POSTS	8c FT.
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29x5.25-19	8.15	
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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY
Greatest Circulation in the World
Magazine Section of the Boston Sunday Advertiser
Sunday, August 9, 1931
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Curious Kitty

By the Brilliant Satirist Fish

Verses by Carolyn Wells

1 The fates were kind to Kitty, she had good luck, and so
She got a fine position in an artist's studio.
She seemed to know exactly just how to please his whim,
She kept the place in order, yet never bothered him.

3 The newly finished canvas upon an easel stood;
And some said, "How magnificent!" and some said, "Gee, that's good!"
And some said, "It's amusing; come on, let's get a drink."
And some said, "Do be careful, girls; that paint is wet, I think."

2 One day the artist gave a Tea, and Kitty was on hand.
She was hostess, maid and waitress, her efficiency was grand.
His new masterpiece, Ophelia, was put on exhibition,
And all the guests were people of great wealth and high position.

4 "Oh, no," said Curious Kitty, "I'm sure
it must be dry."
She drew her fingers right across
Ophelia's face, to try,
But they were right and she was wrong;
the paint, it seems, was wet,
And the marks of Kitty's fingers on that
lovely face were set!

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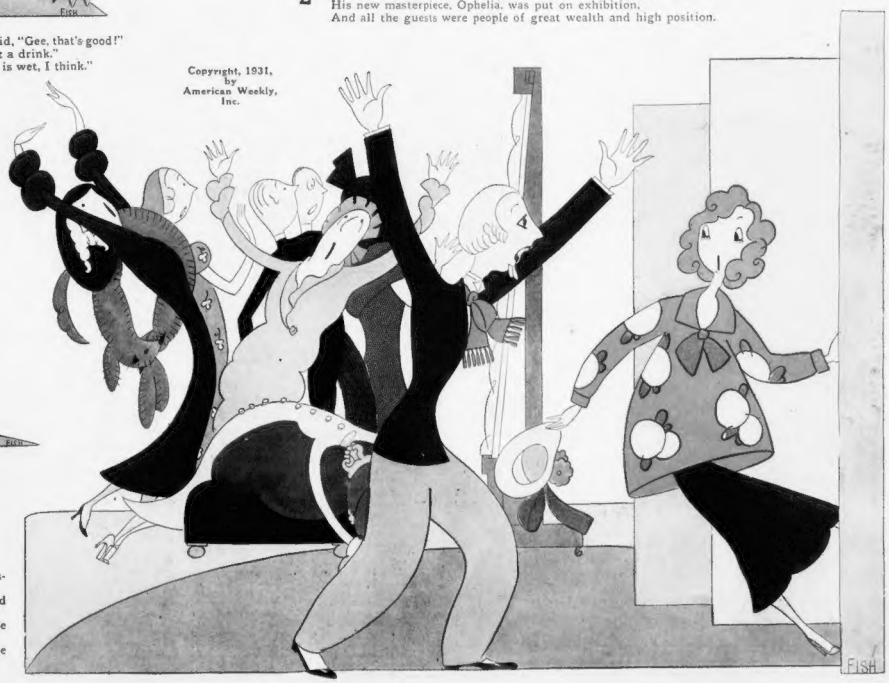


5 One of the women fainted, two in hysterics went;
The artist came a-running—and he said
what he meant!
His rage made Kitty shrivel up, she
wished that she were dead!
And without waiting to be fired, she
grabbed her hat and fled.

(Continued Next Sunday)

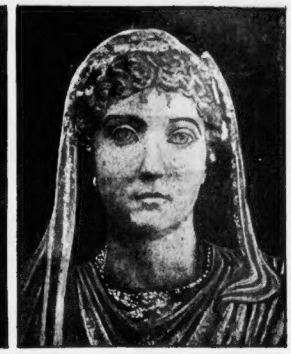
Charming Tinted Statue of the Empress Livia Found in the Ashes of Pompeii

The Upper Part of the Beautiful Sculpture, Protruding From the Ash Heap.

After the Ashes of Vesuvius Were Cleared Away, the Colored Statue Was Revealed in All Its Beauty.

Front View of the Figure. Livia, the Wife of Tiberius Claudius Nero, and Mother of the Emperor Tiberius.

Closeup Showing the Classic Profile.



A Close View of the Beautiful Face of Livia.

JUST when archeologists had begun to think that the ashes beneath which Pompeii was buried more than 1,500 years ago had yielded the last of its important relics of antiquity, they stumbled upon a priceless tinted statue buried beneath a mound of volcanic ash.

This beautifully wrought sculpture is not only one of the finest representations of Livia, wife of the Emperor Augustus and the mother of Emperor Tiberius, but it may throw much new and interesting light on the manner in which the Romans worshipped Bacchus, the god of wine.

Strangely enough, the statue is not in one piece. The head is a separate piece of marble set on a body to which it, apparently, did not originally belong. The hair and eyebrows are colored reddish-brown, the eyes are dark brown and the lips are a brilliant carmine.

Paintings and inscriptions on the walls of the building in which the statue was found mark it definitely as a luxurious villa in which residents of Rome and Pompeii once worshipped with wild orgies of wine drinking, Bacchus, the pleasure loving god of wine.

The building itself has been identified as the "Villa of Dionysiac Mysteries" (Bacchus also was called Dionysius) and its condition indicates that it was being transformed into a farmhouse when Vesuvius violently erupted in 79 A. D. and buried Pompeii beneath a death-dealing storm of ashes.

The statue of Livia leads the scientists to believe that the structure was, at one time, the property of the royal family with which Livia was so intimately associated.

History records that Livia was born in 58 B. C. and that she was a priestess in the Bacchanalian cult when Augustus became the high-handed Emperor of Rome. At the age of 15 she married her cousin, Tiberius Claudius Nero, who afterward served Augustus as an officer of the Roman legions stationed on the Rhine.

Augustus fell in love with Livia and, by regal edict, forced Tiberius Claudius Nero to divorce her so that he might marry her himself. That was in 38 B. C. Tiberius, who later became Emperor of Rome, was one of two children by Livia's first marriage. The other was Drusus.

The story of the woman whose statue is regarded as one of the most valuable relics yet to be unearthed among the ruins of Pompeii is one of the most tragic in history. Besides being forced to leave the man she loved, she saw her son, Drusus, sent away to Germany to fight as an officer of the legions, an adventure from which he never returned.

Drusus was a brave and brilliant soldier. He led his soldiers in a bloody and victorious battle against the Germanic hordes and was planning to return to Rome to be acclaimed for his triumph when he fell ill of malaria and died. His mother, who lived to the ripe old age of 87, grieved for him to the end of her days.

Prize Photo Inspired Big Scene for Theatrical Revue

ALMOST every home in Hungary has one of those decorative and informative little "weather houses," which look something like the common type of cuckoo clock. Through the two doors of a "weather house" tiny figures representing human beings slowly emerge and disappear to forecast rain or sunshine, as the case may be. Usually it is a man's figure that predicts rain and a woman's figure which promises fair weather.

The title of the interesting photograph at the right is, in fact, "Fair Weather," and the inspiration for it was found by Margit Toth, the well known Budapest photographer, in a little "weather house" in her own sitting room.

Miss Toth had a big scale model of her "weather house" made by carpenters and posed a real young woman in one of the doorways. The picture she took of the "life size" barometer was entered in the recent annual exhibition of the Hungarian Photographic Society and won a special medal.

It also won the attention of a Parisian theatrical producer who happened to be in the Hungarian metropolis during the annual exhibition of camera studies. He saw in the prize winning picture an idea for a scene in a new revue on which he was working at the time.

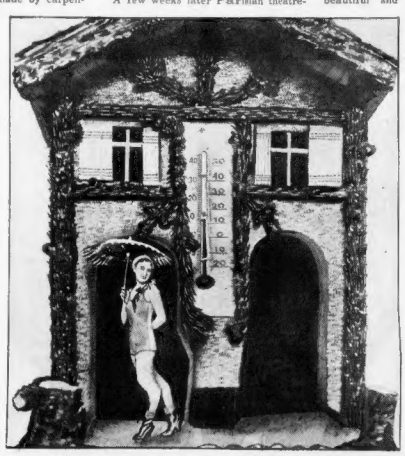
He could, of course, have borrowed the idea without consulting Miss Toth, because such inspirations cannot be copyrighted. But he called on the photographer and asked her permission to use a "weather house" scene in his newest stage production. He would, he said, be happy to give her credit for the scene.

A few weeks later Parisian theatregoers were applauding one of the prettiest sketches that has graced a French musical show in many seasons. It was called "Fair Weather," and the center of the stage was occupied by a huge "weather house," through the doors of which more than a score of beautiful and shapely chorus girls slowly walked while they sang a song appropriate to the setting.

Some of the girls were dressed in raincoats and they carried umbrellas. Their lines advised the members of the audience that the sunshine always follows the rain and that moist weather is nothing to be depressed about. The lights were dim during this part of the act, simulating the grayness of a rainy day.

Other members of the company paraded through the doors of the huge "weather house" arrayed in the flimsiest and most colorful of gowns. They sang of the passing of the clouds and the return of blue skies. As they made their appearance the lights went up until the entire stage was flooded with golden radiance.

The scene inspired by Margit Toth's photograph is easily the hit of the show, and the producer did not forget to give her ample credit in the program.



"The Weather," a Photograph by Margit Toth, of Budapest, Which Won Her a Special Medal. The Figure in the Picture Is That of a Real Girl.

Bill Brown, the Golfer, Whose Trick Shots Have Won Him Fame, About to Drive, Using an Actress as a Human Tee, on the Roof of a New York Hotel.

Risked Life for Trick Golf Shot

BOBBY JONES may be the best golf player in the world, but he has nothing on Bill Brown when it comes to accuracy at picking golf balls off precarious tees—precarious for Mr. Brown and even more so for the tees, when they happen to be the faces of pretty actresses.

The photograph at the left shows Brown about to take a full iron shot at a ball resting on the forehead of Isabel Jewell, an actress. Miss Jewell watched Bill perform some of his amazing golf shots in a vaudeville act and agreed to let him use her face for a tee after he had demonstrated his unusual skill with both wood and iron clubs.

The stunt in which the young woman literally risked her life was staged on the roof of a New York hotel in the presence of many witnesses who wouldn't have taken the place of the human tee for any amount of money.

If the golfer had missed the ball and struck Miss Jewell in the head the force of the blow would have bashed in her skull, for Brown hit the ball with all the strength in his well-muscled arms.

"Maybe Miss Jewell was scared and perhaps the audience saw horrible visions of murder," said Brown, "but there was not the slightest danger from my point of view. I can drive a ball off the crystal of a valuable watch—and that calls for accuracy. But my best trick is to stick a match in the ground and light it with a mashie without upsetting the little piece of wood. Hitting a ball off a young woman's forehead is simple compared to that."

Miss Doris Lee, of Tonkawa, Oklahoma, Whose Back-Seat Driving Was Unheeded by the Youth Who Must Now Pay Her $2,850 for the Permanent Disfigurement of Her Face After the Motor Accident.

Court Upholds Back-Seat Driver

IT is the emphatic opinion of most operators of automobiles that the "back-seat driver" is an annoying pest, to be classed with the locust and the boll-weevil. But in the legal mind of Judge J. E. Alexander of the Wichita, Kansas, District Court, those who sit in the rear seats of motor cars and issue suggestions and warnings to the person at the steering wheel have their rights and are quite justified at times in shouting driving instructions.

The young woman in the photograph above is Miss Doris Lee, 17 years old, and a resident of Tonkawa, Oklahoma. That ugly scar on her forehead was inflicted when she was engaged in a bit of back-seat driving, which Judge Alexander held to be much better than the actual driving of Harold Culbertson, who was handling the wheel when the machine in which he and Miss Lee were riding skidded on an ice-coated highway and turned over in a ditch.

No jury was called to sit in on the suit which Miss Lee brought against Culbertson. The Judge heard all the evidence "in chambers." Miss Lee related that she had admonished Culbertson several times to drive slower because of the ice on the road, and that he had paid no attention to her warnings. He intimated, she said, that he never permitted his automobile to be driven from the back seat.

When the judge questioned Culbertson he insisted that the accident was unavoidable, but finally admitted that he was driving a bit too fast and that he had failed to take the advice of the disfigured young woman.

Doctors called in on the case testified that Miss Lee had suffered injuries to her back and that the unsightly scar on her forehead never will disappear. She will carry the disfiguring mark as long as she lives.

When the Judge had heard all the evidence, he delivered a long lecture on careless and reckless driving and said to Culbertson: "Next time you are asked to slow down, do it. You can't get in any trouble by being careful. You'll have to pay Miss Lee $2,850."

It is expected that the Kansas Judge's ruling may have a bearing on the handling of similar cases in other parts of the country and that the rights of back-seat drivers will be more generally recognized.

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Lady Owen's Fatal Fascination Not Stopped by Prison Walls

Dramatic Plot of a Romantic Admirer to Rescue From a French Jail the Titled Beauty Who Has Brought Misfortune to All Her Lovers, and Which Failed Because the Bribed Head Warder Killed Himself at the Very Hour He Was to Admit Her Rescuers

Lady Owen's Counsel Making an Impassioned Plea for Her Release for Shooting Mme. Gastaud and Lady Owen Aiding Him by Weeping in the Dock—But This Time Her Tricks Failed and the Jury Found Her Guilty and She Was Sentenced to Five Years' Solitary Confinement.

Mme. Leonie Gastaud Listening to Lady Owen Being Sentenced for Her Murderous Attack—From a Photograph Taken in Court.

The Beautiful Back of Lady Owen, of Which She Was So Proud, and Which Now Is Caressed Only by Rough Prison Towels.

A Photograph of Lady Owen Taken Just Before She Shot the Wife of Doctor Paul Gastaud, the Distinguished French Scientist, Who Was Her Sweetheart.

The Mask Which Lady Owen Wears in Chapel or During Exercise Hour When She Comes in Contact with Other Prisoners.

Lady Owen Wearing the Court Dress in Which She Was Presented to King George and Queen Mary—So Different From the Plain, Rough, Prison Garb She Must Wear for Years.

PARIS, July 30.

LADY EDMEE OWEN, the attractive French widow of a British millionaire, Sir Theodore Owen, is perhaps the most fascinating of the numerous "fatal women" of France. She is now the central figure in a new drama.

It may be recalled she was sentenced last year to five years' imprisonment for shooting the wife of her lover, the fashionable physician, Dr. Gastaud, because he had broken his promise to desert Mme. Gastaud and marry Lady Owen.

Now Lady Owen has shown that her fatal fascination continues to operate on men through the massive walls of the prison at Versailles, one of the strongest in France. She was kept in solitary confinement with masked face and watched day and night. Her head was covered with a newly invented mask through which she could see but not be seen. Despite all these precautions, she remained in communication with the outside world and excited the passionate love of a young English millionaire, who conspired with the chief warder of the prison and a number of other persons to rescue her. It was only the suicide of the chief warder that prevented the plot from being successful.

The story of the attempted rescue rivals in romantic interest the most exciting episodes of "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

The rich young Englishman, who has shown such devotion to her, belongs to a well-known titled family. The French authorities at present refuse to reveal his name. He is said to have been a prominent figure for two seasons at Deauville and Le Touquet, two gay gambling resorts on the Channel much frequented by English and Americans.

According to the story given out by the Surete, the great French detective bureau, he engineered a clever and daring conspiracy with a number of other adventurous youths to rescue her. His part in the drama closely resembles that of Sir Percy Blakeney, the hero of "The Scarlet Pimpernel." He spent his wealth recklessly in the plot and spread a trail of corruption through French officialdom.

The conspirators first purchased the assistance of the head warder of the prison, named Magnes, who, of course, had access to the women's section. It happened that this functionary had a love affair with a pretty female warder and was eager to escape from the exacting routine of prison duty and enjoy a life of luxury with his sweetheart.

With Magnes's aid a plan was perfected to call most of the guards away from Lady Owen's part of the prison, raid the jail, snatch her from the cell, put her in a swift motor-car and carry her to the coast, where the young millionaire's yacht was to be waiting under steam to take the prisoner to safety beyond French jurisdiction.

The chief warder planned to have a fire alarm sounded at midnight, which would summon all but one attendant from the section where Lady Owen's cell was situated. This attendant happened to be the chief warder's sweetheart. The sounding of the fire alarm was also to be the signal to the conspirators outside the walls to be ready to do their part. The great iron doors were to be unlocked and the warder's sweetheart would open Lady Owen's cell and guide her through the outside door, where the big car was to be waiting.

The night of June 22 was fixed for the attack on the prison. But a complication occurred, of which the conspirators had never dreamed, to upset their plans. The authorities, without knowing anything of the plot to rescue Lady Owen, became suspicious of the way the chief warder was keeping his accounts and ordered an investigation of them. On the very day the rescue was to be attempted, the investigation began, and Magnes, the chief warder, realized he was sure to be exposed, ruined and made a prisoner.

During the evening he thought in agony over his approaching ruin and at midnight, at the very moment that the plot was to be carried out, just when everything was about to click, the man who was indispensable to its success blew out his brains.

The other conspirators were left literally groping in the dark.

After this the authorities naturally conducted a further investigation of all Magnes's doings and found he had had suspicious communications with foreigners outside the prison which related to Lady Owen in some way. A powerful automobile containing two Englishmen and a hooded woman had been seen lurking in the Rue de Nouilles, a side street near the prison.

Brilliant detective work by the Surete established a connection between this car, the prison, Lady Owen and a mysterious English yacht in the Channel. For some days before June 22 this big yacht had been cruising backwards and forwards off the coast of Normandy, just outside French waters. On the fatal night she approached near the coast between Dieppe and Le Treport, and the Surete had secured evidence that the plotters, after rescuing Lady Owen from the prison, had arranged to put her in the waiting car, rush her to a desolate spot on the coast southeast of Dieppe and embark her on the yacht.

The authorities state that they have the name and registry number of the yacht, which is entered in the name of the young millionaire. Orders have been given that if it puts in at any French port, it is to be seized.

The detective inspector in charge of the case interviewed Lady Owen in her cell. She is said to have admitted receiving letters from her English knight-errant, in spite of her solitary confinement, and that these letters made vague references to her coming liberation, but she denied having any knowledge of the plot, beyond a brief note brought in with her dinner on June 22, telling her to be ready for a journey.

A maid was tracked down who admitted being outside the prison in the car on the night fixed for the flight. She confessed she was to accompany Lady Owen to England, but says she had been assured that the whole affair was being carried out with the connivance of the French authorities, who wanted to free Lady Owen but did not like to face the criticism they would encounter if they released her openly. In connection with this testimony it is significant to remember that several Frenchmen in high position expressed warm sympathy with Lady Owen at the time of her trial.

Lady Owen has brought disaster to a remarkable number of people whose lives have been linked with hers. Her husband died soon after his marriage to her. He was, by the way, a relation of William J. Bryan, his son by his first wife, Reginald Owen, having married Ruth Bryan, now in Congress. Lady Owen admits having had two lovers before fascinating Dr. Gastaud, and both of them were made very unhappy.

The effect on Dr. Gastaud's lucrative practice of his tragic association with Lady Owen can be imagined, while his wife must go through life suffering from the effects of four bullet wounds. The Englishman who plotted to rescue Lady Owen has spent much of his fortune and is likely to go to prison. Chief Warder Magnes is dead and his sweetheart's dream of happiness is over.

Lady Owen is an attractive, very vivacious, little woman, with blonde, curly hair, looking much younger than her thirty-four years. She is of a thoroughly French type. She inherited a great fortune from her late husband, who was a tea and rubber importer on a grand scale. She enjoyed a high social position at one time, as is proved by the fact that she was presented to Queen Mary, who always has searching inquiries made into a woman's past before receiving her.

After her husband's death Lady Owen spent her wealth freely in indulging all her caprices. She was noted for the number, costliness and originality of her costumes. She used a special and very peculiar perfume that made her presence immediately noticeable. Her originality and strange temperament may be gathered from the following remarks written by her in letters to a friend:

"I have a funny habit of licking my lips when I am delighted and, as I know my tongue will be seen about a thousand times a day, I make up the end of it. I hate white tongues and white lips. My eyes are my best point. They really are nice, sometimes chestnut when I am laughing, sometimes black when I am angry. They are full of little golden spots, such bright gold, and I have long eyelashes. Ever since I was a child I have tried to talk with my eyes and the result is good.

"I have several wigs, so that I can always have the right background to the spirit I feel in.

"I paint my toenails with gold. I must always have gold at my feet."

It is, of course, surprising that a woman of Lady Owen's fascinations should ever have been sent to jail in France for five years for shooting anybody, or indeed have been sent to jail at all. The only explanation seems to be that she shot a woman and that the other got to the jury first, exciting more sympathy than herself. There have been many cases in which attractive women accused of shooting men have been acquitted with applause and the warmest expressions of sympathy by French judges and juries.

However, it must be said that the sentence of Lady Owen was denounced as cruel by several prominent Frenchmen, and the lawyers on both sides were astonished at it.

In her confessions Lady Owen has admitted that she had love affairs with an Englishman and an Argentinian after her husband's death, but she was dissatisfied with them and decided that they were inferior as lovers to Frenchmen.

She happened to meet Dr. Gastaud, a successful Paris physician, well known as a radiologist and quite young for a man of such prominence. He occupied a fine home at Mareuil-Marly with his wife and conducted a hospital in Paris. Lady Owen fell conveniently ill, went to his hospital and in a short time she became his sweetheart.

"It was on the anniversary of our first kiss to the day that Dr. Gastaud told me at his hospital that our love could not continue," Lady Owen told the judge. "I loved him and I was to become a mother. I told him so, but he was absolutely firm in his decision to end our relations. I thought I would go mad. I seized a revolver. He tore it from my hand and said: 'You can come to my nursing home as a patient but never again as my mistress.' These words infuriated me. He said before I went I could do as I liked—either shoot myself or his wife."

In the afternoon she drove out to Mareuil-Marly to see the doctor. He was out and his assistant, seeing there was a storm in prospect, tried to make her go away. He almost succeeded when Mme. Gastaud appeared on the scene.

"Oh, so there you are; you are the woman," said the wife with a scornful expression.

Lady Owen said nothing, but drawing a pistol from under her wrap, she fired point blank at the doctor's wife, who fell with four bullets in her body, two in her abdomen and two in the breast. Rather surprisingly, she recovered.

Experienced observers expected that Lady Owen would be found guilty with mitigating circumstances and of acting without premeditation. That would have entailed a merely nominal sentence, and this course had been followed in several very similar cases. But the Versailles judges for some reason had been adversely impressed by Lady Owen and gave her the extraordinary sentence of five years' solitary confinement.

"This sentence," said one newspaper, "is feared more by hardened criminals than banishment to Devil's Island, owing to its nerve racking effect.

"It means that the accused person is shut up in a cell, except for a short period of exercise each day, and never allowed to communicate with anyone."

"The sentence is horrible, barbaric and unfair," said Lady Owen's sister, Mlle. Helene Nodet, a Frenchwoman of high position. "My sister did not deserve that. She was such a child. Money turned her head. She had the misfortune to be too rich. At heart she was just a simple girl."

But in any case, the severe sentence of solitary confinement has strikingly failed in its object—to stop the exercise of Lady Owen's fatal fascinations on men.

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M. Poiret, the French Dressmaker Buys a Slave Girl in Africa and Brings Her to Paris

Monsieur Paul Poiret, Who Has Startled His Friends in Paris by Bringing Back From Morocco a Dusky Slave to Pose in His Fashion Salon.

A Typical Moroccan Girl Such As May Be Seen in the African Slave Marts. Monsieur Poiret, However, Did Not Patronize These, But Made His Purchase Direct From the Girl's Mother.

A Bazaar Merchant of Morocco. While These Natives Encourage and Profit by Human Slavery, They Vigorously Oppose the White Men's Patronage and Object to the Human Chattels Leaving the Country.

Fathma-ben-Mohamed-ben-Ahmed, the Attractive Slave Whom M. Poiret Spirited to the French Capital.

IT has been said that "women are slaves of fashion," and it would therefore seem logical enough that woman should be a slave to a creator of fashion. One woman actually is. He name is Fathma-ben-Mohamed-ben-Ahmed and her master is the celebrated Parisian couturier, Paul Poiret.

M. Poiret saw Fathma during a recent visit to Morocco and, he explains, was so impressed with her beauty and her golden brown skin that he bought her—to show off certain exotic style creations in his new salon of fashion. While workmen were getting this luxurious salon ready for its opening Fathma's status, according to her owner, was that of a personal maid.

Fathma was not, as might be supposed, bought in the open slave market, but was procured from her mother through the medium of an expensive present. That was not all there was to the transaction, however, for Arabs do not look with favor upon young women of their race who go about with "Roumia," that is, European whites. Poiret was obliged to be a little secretive about his purchase and virtually to abduct her to get her out of her native country.

Before he departed from Morocco with his pretty slave girl he bought her a gorgeous wardrobe of more than 50 colorful native costumes. He also brought back several trunks full of Moroccan fabrics which the artisans of his establishment will fashion into gowns for European and American women.

"It is these creations," says Poiret, "that Fathma's golden complexion and Arabesque beauty will set off as no other manikin possibly could."

The Paris newspapers made much of the fact that the fashion creator had acquired a beautiful slave and one paper devoted a whole column to the unusual situation, even though M. Poiret has openly explained how he came to be a slave-holder and why.

Fathma has had an exciting time of it since she departed from Morocco. She never had seen snow until she and her master arrived in Spain and was greatly mystified when a handful of the stuff melted before her eyes. Paris at first seemed an impossible fairyland to her and she cannot yet believe that she is going to live there, probably for several years.

A few days after the Oriental girl reached the French capital she was taken ill with appendicitis. Surgeons were called and rushed her to a hospital where an emergency operation was performed.

Poiret seemed greatly upset by his chattel's illness. "What would have been my situation," he exclaimed, "if she had died?"

A One-Man Fire Department— For German City's Suburbs

GERMANY, as well as every other country, has been trying to cut down the heavy fire losses in suburban and rural districts. In cities which have several fire-houses equipped with motorized apparatus and manned by a full-time fire-fighting department, it is seldom that a fire reaches the proportions of a conflagration. But in the outlying districts, where most of the buildings are made of wood and where the fire companies more often than not, are made up of volunteers, it is a difficult job to save a building that catches on fire, or to stop the blaze from spreading to nearby structures.

After a series of disastrous suburban fires, the city fathers of Duesseldorf, Germany, got together and decided to give much the same sort of protection to the suburbs and the farming communities scattered around the city as is afforded people who live within the city limits.

They considered many plans and finally decided to establish several one-man fire departments at various points some distance from the center of the community. The apparatus for each of these departments is a completely equipped and speedy fire-cycle, such as that shown in the photograph. There is a seat on the machine for an assistant, but in most cases the driver of the machine answers alarms alone and, with assistance from people at the scene of the fire, has proved himself capable of handling the situation.

The one-man fire wagon is a highly efficient device which can travel over the road at a speed of better than 80 miles an hour. Besides the usual headlight, siren and bell, the cycle has a hose wound about a reel, two ultra-modern fire extinguishers filled with a liquid chemical, a pump operated by the machine's motor, a box of sand and a pulmotor to be used on victims of asphyxiation.

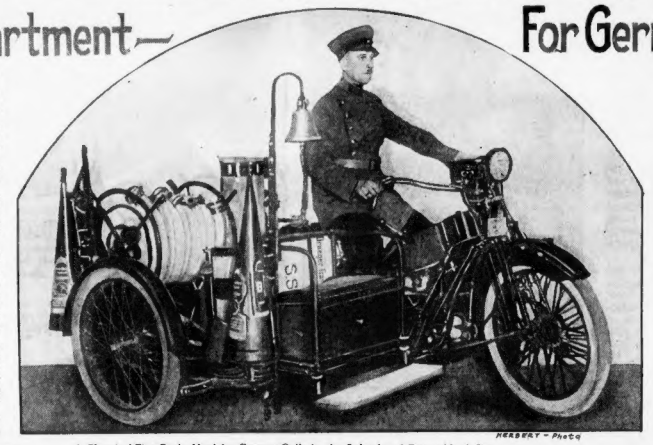
Of course, the same man is not expected to be ready to operate the fire-cycle 24 hours a day and, for the present, two men are assigned to the machine, each working 12-hour shifts. These men are veteran fire fighters who have been members of the Duesseldorf fire department for several years. In the half dozen calls they have answered in the few weeks the one-man fire wagon has been in service they have proved the effectiveness of the device and saved several buildings from destruction.

Now that the first of these machines has proved itself in action the city fathers are going ahead with their interesting plan for the protection of property in outlying districts and, within the next few weeks, they expect to have four of the machines in service, each in charge of two expert firemen, who will work in 12-hour shifts. A third man is being trained for each job and is on call in case of emergencies.

Fire chiefs from several German cities and towns have gone to Duesseldorf to look over the fire-cycle and to take demonstration runs in it. They seem to have been favorably impressed with this ultra-modern piece of fire-fighting equipment and probably will recommend such machines for their own departments.

In most rural districts, not only in Germany but in other countries, the principal protection against fire is a volunteer company with a so-called hand-tub. This company usually is augmented by a bucket brigade, which wastes much valuable time in getting together and is ineffective once a fire gets a good start.

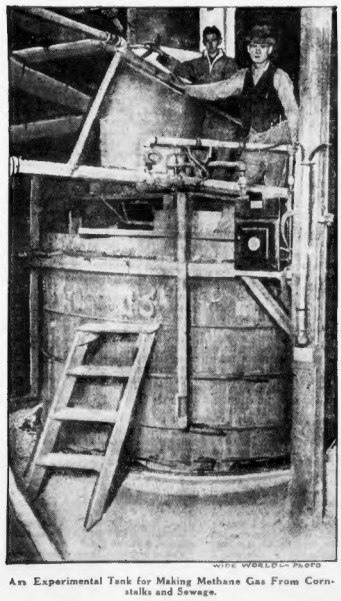
The drivers of the one-man fire wagons will make periodical visits to the towns and villages in their districts and instruct the inhabitants in the modern art of fighting fire with the efficient equipment installed on the fire-cycle. When a building catches on fire the volunteers will rush to the scene and co-operate with the professional fire fighter the instant he arrives.



HERBERT - PHOTO

A Chemical Fire-Cycle, Used for Express Calls in the Suburbs of Duesseldorf, Germany. It Is Manned and Operated by One Man.

Cornstalk Gas For Lighting Farms



WIDE WORLD—PHOTO

An Experimental Tank for Making Methane Gas From Cornstalks and Sewage.

MODERN scientists have, in recent years, found many surprising uses for the lowly cornstalk. Some of them have devised ways of making paper of the cornstalk. Others have shown that a good grade of artificial silk can be produced from it. Still other laboratory workers have taken this "waste" product of the farm and miraculously converted it into sturdy sheets of wallboard and into various chemicals useful in medicine and in industry. But none of these discoveries has been more interesting than that of Professor G. M. Buswell, chief of the Illinois State Water Supply Bureau, who recently has shown, by actual experiment, that cornstalks can be made to produce a good quality of illuminating gas.

The photographs illustrating this article show some of the apparatus with which the Illinois scientist and his colleagues are able to demonstrate that every farmhouse in areas where corn can be grown may soon have an ample supply of gas for lighting and cooking purposes.

Dodging technical terms the manner in which gas is produced from cornstalks is this: A quantity of the stalks is ground up and stored in the bottom of a tank. The vegetation ferments, through the action of millions of microscopic bacteria, and this fermentation forms a gas which can be used both for cooking and for lighting.

Professor Buswell has, after long experiment, found out that a tank 8 feet in diameter and 8 feet high can hold enough cornstalk gas to supply the needs of a family of five. And he sees no reason why huge tanks could not be built in cities and towns, in which the gas could be piped into thousands of homes, just as are natural gas and coal gas.

In his experiments the Illinois scientist found that the pulverized cornstalks produced gas more quickly and in greater volume if household garbage was put in the tank with the stalks. The garbage, he found, provides nitrogen for the bacteria at work, causing the stalks to ferment, and brings about thorough fermentation more rapidly.

It is estimated that 150,000,000 tons of cornstalks are grown in the United States every year. Some of these stalks are used to make ensilage, for the feeding of cattle, and a small portion of this crop is ploughed under to refertilize the soil. But the great bulk of the stalks are burned in the fields after harvest time.

In the State of Iowa one third of all the land is planted to corn. It is estimated that the average yield of stalks is one and a half tons to the acre. It has been computed that, in certain parts of Iowa, a cornstalk gas plant operating 300 days a year could secure 80 tons of stalks a day from a five-mile radius, or 335 tons a day over a ten-mile radius.

Professor Buswell says that a ton of cornstalks will produce from 10,000 to 20,000 cubic feet of gas, so it is easy to appreciate the possibilities of his interesting scheme.

If his computations are correct—and they have been carefully checked by fellow scientists—a city of 80,000 people could be supplied with gas made from stalks taken from fields all within an eight-mile radius of the city.

WIDE WORLD—PHOTO

Professor A. M. Buswell, of Topeka, Kansas, Experimenting With the New System for Lighting Farm Houses.

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4 Modern Wonders That Excel the "7 Wonders of the World"

The Ancients Were Awed by the Wonderful Things Men Built; But It Is What We Have Discovered About the Universe Which Stirs the Imagination of Modern Science

WONDER NO. 1—The Enormous Power in the Universe—It Would Require a Man 16,000 Miles in Height, Using Energy Equivalent to 200,000,000,000,000,000 Average Automobile Engines, One Whole Year to Stop Our Earth Spinning, and This Enormous Energy Is Only a Small Fraction of the Inconceivable Power of the Sun and Other Celestial Objects.

WONDER NO. 2—The Immensity of Space—Standing on One of the Most Distant Stars an Observer Would See Our Earth, With Its Gigantic Dinosaurs and Other Monsters, as It Was 169,000,000 Years Ago, Although This Vision Has Been Traveling 186,000 Miles a Second All These Years.

THE "seven wonders of the ancient world" were the achievements of the science and engineering of the time. They were the Colossus of Rhodes, the great Pyramid of Cheops, the Mausoleum of Artemisia, the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, the Pharos of Alexandria, and Phidias' statue of the Olympian Jupiter.

But modern science does not give to them, nor to any man-made thing, the title of a wonder of the world. That is reserved for the wonders of the universe around us, the distinguished British scientist, Sir J. Arthur Thomson, recently told a London audience.

Four such real wonders were specified by Sir Arthur.

One is the enormous amount of power that is loose in the universe—power present in the spinning of the earth, and in still vaster quantities in the flood of light and heat poured out continually from the sun and other stars.

The second is the immensity of space, so that objects more than a thousand billion billion miles away from the earth have been photographed and measured through earthly telescopes.

Third is the almost infinite intricacy of nature, so that millions of parts fit together perfectly to make the tiniest insect or the smallest blade of grass.

And fourth of the real wonders of the world, Sir Arthur believes, is the orderliness of natural law, so that the physical principles which describe the action of an atom or a chemical element on earth apply unchanged to an atom of the same element a billion billion miles away.

Out of a great powerhouse lead thick copper cables, carrying hundreds of thousands of horsepower. In a gigantic quarry miners explode tons of dynamite to bring down millions of tons of rock or ore. Waterfalls like Niagara are harnessed at an expense of millions of dollars to light the lamps and run the street cars of cities scores of miles away. Yet such power sources, immense as they seem to human eyes, are as nothing in comparison with the power at Nature's disposal.

Strictly speaking, it does not require any power at all to keep the earth spinning on its axis, for there is no friction in the empty space in which the earth spins and no resistance to its motion. Once started, the earth or any other spinning body in space will keep on spinning forever, like a top started in a perfect vacuum and on a frictionless support.

Although the earth needs no power to keep up its spin, an enormous amount of power must have been applied in the beginning to start the revolution, and this power is still stored, in the form of what scientists call kinetic energy, in the earth's rotation. If there were some way in which this power could be tapped usefully, as engineers use a belt to take power from a revolving flywheel, all the engines and dynamos in the world could be kept running without cost for millions of years.

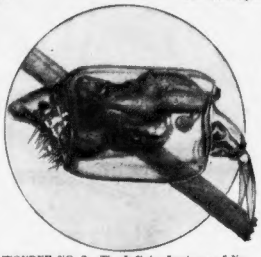
There is enough of this power stored in the earth's rotation to run one billion fifty-horsepower automobiles night and day for nearly a billion years. Putting it another way, suppose that a great crowd of such automobiles were hitched to the earth in order to stop its rotation, like a gigantic belt attached to a brake. To succeed in this task in a full year, these automobiles pulling their hardest against the earth night and day for this time would need the power of more than two hundred million billion average cars.

Imagine them lined up in Indian file, like a traffic parade on a crowded highway on Sunday. This line would be ten billion times a million miles in length. Light travels about 186,000 miles a second, but the signal of a traffic policeman at the front end of this line would not be seen at the rear for more than seven years, so long would it take the light ray to travel down the line.

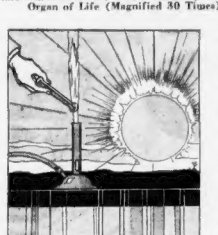
Looking at the power of the earth's spin in still another fashion, imagine that Atlas, the giant who was supposed by the old Greek myths to be holding up the earth, really had the job of stopping the earth's rotation. Imagine, then, the muscular power of this giant to be magnified in proportion to the bulk of his body as compared with the body of an average man. That giant, exerting nearly seventeen billion times the strength of the average human workman and keeping this up day and night without pause for rest and food, still would need a full year to stop the earth. Such a giant able to stop the earth in a year would be nearly 16,000 miles tall, about twice the earth's diameter.

This gives some faint idea of the immensity of the power available to Nature even in a comparatively small world like the earth. In the sun, as Sir Arthur Thomson pointed out, the available power is enormously greater. If all the sun's power could be exerted against the earth's spin, it would stop it in twelve minutes.

Considering the energy sent out by all the stars visible to the astronomer, if every man, woman and child now on earth were so rich they could spend $100,000,000,000 a minute, all of them together could not pay for the running of the universe at current rates we pay for electric power for more than one-billionth of a second.



WONDER NO. 3—The Infinite Intricacy of Nature—Almost Incredibly Minute, Sometimes Invisible, Complicated Mechanisms, Harmoniously Fitted Together for the Life of Even the Simplest Living Creature, Such as This Microscopic Creature Called a Rotifer, Which Has Every Essential Organ of Life (Magnified 30 Times).



WONDER NO. 4—The Orderliness of Nature—The Natural Laws, Everywhere and Always the Same on Our Earth and Probably Throughout the Universe, Which Prevent a Chaos of Unintelligible Action and Disorder in Everything. For Example, the Spectroscope Bands (Above) Show the Elements in Earth and Those in the Most Distant Suns Are the Same.

Sir Arthur's second wonder, the immensity of space, is one that has grown in recent years. A generation ago even astronomers had plumbed the depths of space only a few thousand light-years from the earth—a light-year being the distance that light will travel in a year, or about six thousand billion miles.

Not long ago Professor Harlow Shapley, of Harvard, announced the discovery of a group of nebulae believed to be about 169,000,000 light-years away from the earth. In his recent book, "Flights from Chaos," Professor Shapley estimates the probable diameter of the known universe as about a billion light-years, with unknown depths still unmeasured beyond.

Light which reaches earthly telescopes today to make the photographs of these distant nebulae which Professor Shapley considers to be about 169,000,000 light-years away must have started on the trip that long ago. This is veritable "fossil light," just as bones of animals a hundred million years old are fossil bones; only the light has been moving all the time toward us at a speed of more than 186,000 miles a second instead of lying still in the rock and hardening into a fossil. What is still more wonderful, if there happens to be an astronomer on one of those distant worlds, and if the progress of that world's science has provided him with a telescope powerful enough to show him the earth and its affairs, that astronomer is looking today at great, fern-covered plains where now is North America. Through these ferns wander enormous dinosaurs. For the distant astronomer is seeing our earth not as it is today but as it was nearly two hundred million years ago.

If the distant astronomer wants to see a human being he will have to sit at the telescope for at least another 168,000,000 years.

Sir Arthur Thomson's third real wonder of the world made evident by science, the marvelous intricacy of things, is disclosed better by the microscope than by the telescope. In the year 1696 the Rev. John Harris, looking through a crude microscope at a drop of pond water, caught sight of a queer, moving creature which he described as an "animal like a large maggot, which could contract itself into a spherical figure and then stretch itself out again; the end of its tail appeared with a forcepe like that of an earwig." There is no doubt that the Reverend Mr. Harris saw one of the marvelous water animals called rotifers, some 800 kinds of which are now known, the largest less than an eighth of an inch long.

So many and so intricate devices can Nature crowd into this tiny droplet of living matter that these minute rotifer animals have numerous muscles to contract and elongate their bodies, other hair-like muscular projections to swim with like a fish's fins or the oars of a rowboat, skin glands that secrete a sticky substance so that the rotifer can stick fast when it wishes to a twig or to the pond bottom, and a row of moving appendages which draw water and food in reach of the creature's mouth. The continual movement of these produce a wheel-like vortex mistaken by the earlier microscopists for an actual wheel and gave the creature its name of rotifer or "wheel-bearer."

Inside the throat of the rotifer is an intricate mechanism of crushers and grinders by which the animal pulverizes its food, for it possesses nothing like human teeth. The digestive system is almost as complicated as the human one and probably equally efficient. The animal has a brain, a complicated nervous system and two unmistakable eyes.

These complicated rotifers, with all their organs in a droplet less than an eighth of an inch long, are perhaps the best examples of Sir Arthur Thomson's wonder of the intricacy of Nature, but almost any other living creature will illustrate the point.

There are more than twelve billion active nerve cells, it has been computed, in the thinking part of a human brain. Inside the tiniest grass blade the microscope discloses millions of living cells, each with its complicated structure of living protoplasm, its central nucleus like a small cell brain and other devices. Here and there among the grass-blade cells are scattered the small green granules, the duty of which is to absorb sunlight and manufacture food materials for the plant.

Among the cells run two sets of pipe-like conduits; one for the watery sap going from the roots to the leaves, the other for food materials which the green granules have manufactured and which may be needed elsewhere in the plant. These water tubes are provided with complicated valve structures which permit the water to pass in only one direction and keep the supply system of the grass blade from going dry.

Finally, Sir Arthur Thomson's fourth modern wonder, that Nature's laws seem to be the same everywhere in the universe, involves both smallness and distance, for its best examples are the atoms in the stars.

If a tiny bit of iron, for example, is put into a hot flame in front of the optical instrument called a spectroscope the observer at the eyepiece of the instrument will see certain luminous lines. Investigation has proved that these are emitted by iron atoms when they are hot. The wonderful thing is that a spectroscope pointed at the sun, over ninety million miles away, reveals precisely these same lines.

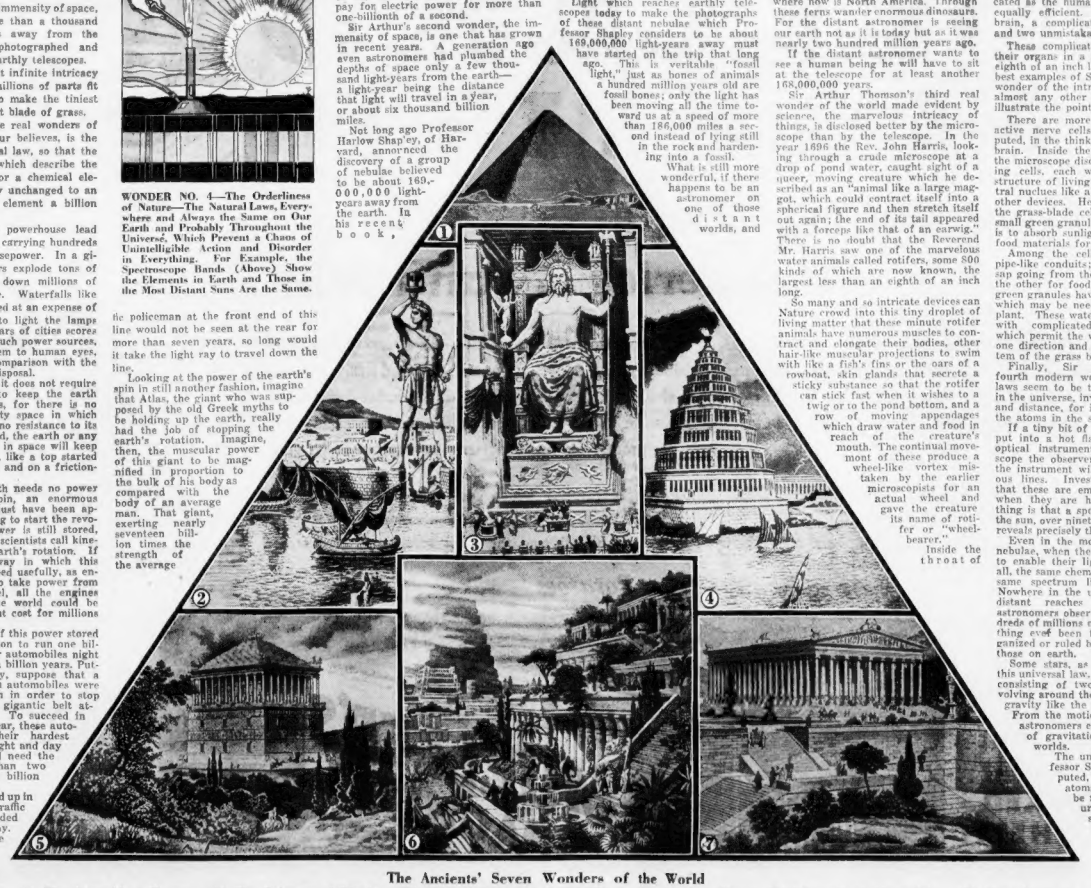
Even in the most distant stars and nebulae, when these are bright enough to enable their light to be studied at all, the same chemical elements and the same spectrum lines are discovered. Nowhere in the universe, even in the distant reaches which present-day astronomers observe by light rays hundreds of millions of years old, has anything ever been found differently organized or ruled by different laws than those on earth.

Some stars, as another example of this universal law, are double or triple, consisting of two or more stars revolving around their common center of gravity like the earth and the moon.

From the motions of these systems astronomers can calculate the laws of gravitation in those distant worlds.

The universe contains, Professor Shapely recently computed, about as many atoms of matter as would be represented by a figure one followed by seventy-one zeroes, yet every one of these myriads of atoms seems to be similarly active.

Perhaps no other of Sir Arthur Thomson's list is as great a wonder as this.



The Ancients' Seven Wonders of the World

(1) The Pyramid of Cheops. (2) The Colossus of Rhodes. (3) Phidias' Statue of Jupiter Olympus. (4) The Pharos (Lighthouse) of Alexandria. (5) Mausoleum of Artemisia at Halicarnassus, Asia Minor. (6) The Hanging Gardens of Babylon. (7) The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.

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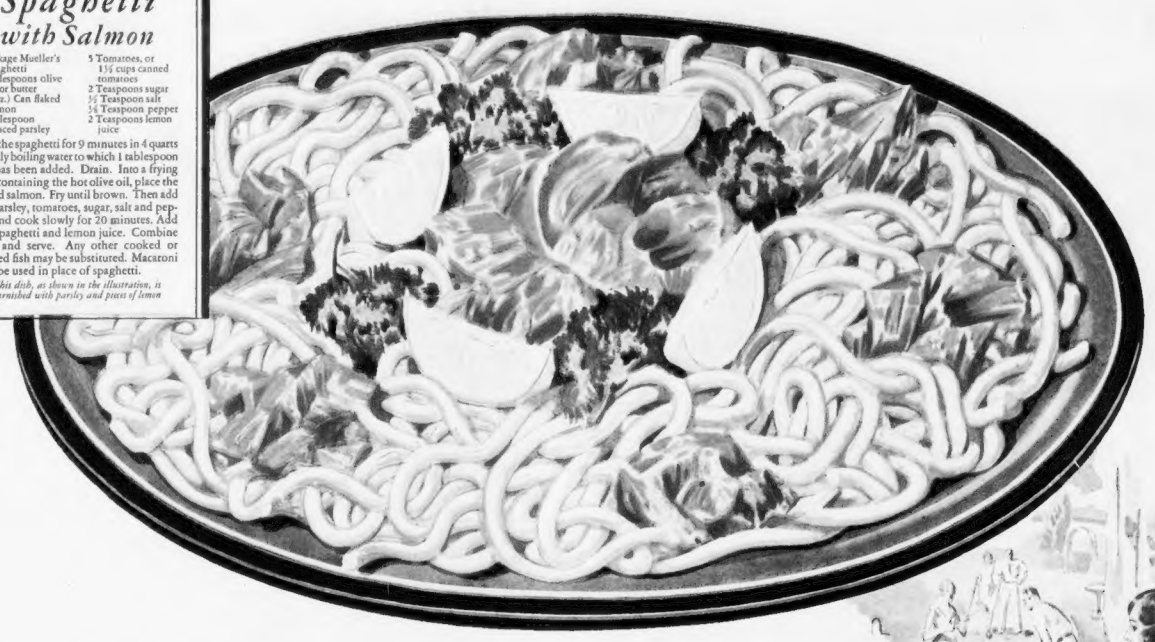
Spaghetti with Salmon

1 Package Mueller's Spaghetti
2 Tablespoons olive oil or butter
1 (3 oz.) Can flaked salmon
1 Tablespoon minced parsley
5 Tomatoes, or 1½ cups canned tomatoes
2 Teaspoons sugar
½ Teaspoon salt
⅛ Teaspoon pepper
2 Teaspoons lemon juice

Boil the spaghetti for 9 minutes in 4 quarts rapidly boiling water to which 1 tablespoon salt has been added. Drain. Into a frying pan containing the hot olive oil, place the flaked salmon. Fry until brown. Then add the parsley, tomatoes, sugar, salt and pepper and cook slowly for 20 minutes. Add the spaghetti and lemon juice. Combine well and serve. Any other cooked or canned fish may be substituted. Macaroni may be used in place of spaghetti.

This dish, as shown in the illustration, is garnished with parsley and pieces of lemon



MUELLER'S SPAGHETTI

Largest Selling Brand in America . . . and Why

Here's an ideal hot-weather dish—a delightful, welcome change from meat and potatoes. Though Mueller's Spaghetti is exceptionally nourishing, yet it is temptingly light and easy to digest. It is tasty, too—appetizing, zesty and flavorful.

Mueller's is America's largest selling brand of macaroni products—and there is a mighty good reason for this preference. Mueller's Macaroni, Spaghetti and Elbow Macaroni are made from farina—*the heart of the wheat.* Mueller's Egg Noodles contain selected fresh eggs and a choice blend of flour. No other similar foods cook up so light and fluffy—so tender and delicious. Ask your grocer. He has Mueller's or can get it for you.

Mueller's Macaroni Products cook thoroughly in 9 minutes' boiling. AVOID OVERCOOKING—though 1 to 3 minutes more may be allowed for *extra* tenderness if desired.

free

As a Change from Potatoes

MACARONI
EGG NOODLES
ELBOW MACARONI
SPAGHETTI
COOKED SPAGHETTI

C. F. Mueller Co., Dept. A., Jersey City, N. J.

Please send, without cost or obligation to me, a copy of the Mueller Recipe Book with suggestions on table setting, table service and table etiquette.

Name_____

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Surprising Revolution in Wax "Fashion Dummies"

A Young French Sculptress Gets the Idea of Displaying Clothes on Effigies That Actually Look Human, Takes Various Celebrities as Her Models, Gets Into Amusing Troubles—But Her Sensible Plan Promises, by Some Miracle, to Succeed

1—The Old-Fashioned, Stiff, Unhuman, Staring-Eyed Dummy of 30 Years Ago, Which Used to Stand in the Shop Windows With Its Feminine Counterpart, With a Placard, "Take Me Home for $——," on the Suit It Wore.

2—The Conviction Grew That Something Was Lacking in the Old Dummies, and Then Began the Era of the Pretty-Pretty, Smirking, Doll-Like Figures, of Which the Above Is a Perfect Example. But Still They Didn't Look Human, So——

3—Along Came the Futurist Dummies, Apparently on the Theory That If the Old Dummies Didn't Look Human, the Proper Thing to Do Was to Display Clothes on Figures That Were Entirely Impossible and Unreal.

4—Next Came the Period of the Distorted Figures With Proportions and Contours No Living Woman Could Possibly Possess.

5—And Here Is the Latest Life-like Model, the Idea of the Clever Young French Woman, Mlle. Zay. It Caricatures the Well-known French Comedienne, Spinelly, Who Is Going to Make Trouble About It When She Gets Around to It, but It Was the First Step in the Revolution of the Dummies.

PARIS, July 31.

THE latest thing in clothes dummies consists of real portrait wax statues of living celebrities showing all their faults of face and figure. Paris finds that this new idea sells clothes better than any of the weird-looking things that have been used before.

Some forty years ago clothing store windows used to be peopled by round, wooden-headed, pop-eyed effigies wearing a neatly pressed suit of clothes and a sign which read:

"Take me home for $10.98," or some similar figure.

There was an equally egg-headed, staring, lady-dummy with a similar legend, but nobody would have had one of those dummies for a gift because they were entirely innocent of sex-appeal, and as pieces of sculpture were far below the wooden cigar-store Indian that still was to be seen in those days.

Then some time before the turn of the century, Fifth Avenue decided that it must have something superior or at least different from those round-skulled ladies and gentlemen who were chained to the front of "puller-in" stores on the Bowery. The original dummies sometimes had been figures stuffed with hair, with jointed legs and arms, but often their lower limbs consisted only of an iron stand.

This urge to better things brought in an era of more expensive clothes-horses. They possessed wax faces, carved noses and lips, glass eyes, hair, legs and even feet and hands. The female of the new species wore a syrupy smirk and the male's expression, though more serious, had what was perhaps meant to be a spiritual countenance, but today would be called "goofy." For some reason as the years passed they became more and more doll-faced and "pretty-pretty," quite unlike anything that ever was seen in the flesh.

Dimly the fashion salespeople began to suspect that such insipid faces sometimes interfered with business. Women would drag their husbands up to a window and ask if they didn't think they would look lovely in a dress just like that. The husbands would look at the dummy's face and say: "No, it's terrible."

As husbands used to carry the roll, their opinion was of some consequence in those brave days of old. Dismayed at such happenings many window dressers ordered their dummies decapitated. Instead of a head and neck a sort of gigantic thumb stuck up through the collar. This inoffensive type is popular to this day. Window dressers, salesmen and dummy manufacturers realized that something was wrong, but it never occurred to anyone that clothes displayers ought to look like the average person who might buy the clothes.

Instead of trying to make more human-appearing dummies, they went in the opposite direction and for a time there was a plague of futuristic dummies, monstrosities that resembled nothing ever seen except in the visions of a morphine addict. Sometimes the ghastly things had only one eye and no nose. Their necks were giraffe-like and bodies so thin that like cherubs there was no space allotted for the digestive organs.

These were followed by an epidemic of distortions with five-foot legs and two-foot bodies. As no woman can possibly looks like that and live it was cruel and inhuman treatment to suggest that she ought to. While women can and will do fearful and wonderful things to themselves to have a fashionable face and figure, no beauty doctor could promise anything like that and their husbands would have run from them screaming if they could have managed it.

Artists and other irresponsible persons had convinced the world that all women should be tall and willowy, but Nature stubbornly kept right on turning them out in sizes which are irreverently referred to in the stock rooms where the customers cannot hear as "shorts," "stubs," and "runts." The shoe manufacturers added an extra inch or two with higher heels, but nothing except stilts would have matched those spider-legged dummies.

Realizing that such monstrosities in models caused resentful sales-resistance among the runts, stubs and shorts, the more recent ones have become at least as human in shape as some of the chorus girls whose naturally unusual thinness has been aggravated by starvation.

And now the grand idea has exploded at last in Paris. Mlle. Jacqueline Zay, a gifted young sculptress, had the daring thought to model these dummies after real persons and to prove that they were real, depicted the figures and even the faces of certain well-dressed celebrities. Even the grandest ideas usually get nowhere unless someone is willing to risk a lot of hard cash to put them over. In this case the pretty 22-year-old sculptress was fortunate enough to interest the firm of Pierre Imans, which has turned out a quarter million of clothes mannikins. Within ten months the young woman completed thirty portrait dummies of Parisian, English and German celebrities.

The novelty was such a success that during these hard times the Imans factory is keeping its 400 hands working full blast to satisfy the demand. But there is always a fly or two in any new ointment and some of the dignitaries who found their wax counterparts staring at them out of the shop windows do not like it and are threatening to sue. One objection is that Mlle. Zay caricatures some of the faces. Public characters soon get used to what the cartoonist does to them in the papers, but to see a life-size wax caricature in a window of a Paris boulevard is new and something of a shock.

The revue idol Mistinguette was the first to serve notice of suit against the sculptress and the Imans establishment if they sold any more models of her. She says the likeness is libelous because of the gaping mouth and the attitude. However, negotiations are going on and it is reported that the matter may be settled out of court, not by paying damages for the face but by unveiling the legs which are hidden by black lace. Mistinguette's legs are world-famous, her most interesting feature and valuable possession and to her mind the damaging part seems to be in hiding them and revealing all the rest which is unimportant.

Mlle. Spinelly, another stage favorite of Paris, has merely announced that she will sue as soon as she gets around to it. Her caricature is particularly cruel but, just at the moment, she is busy with another lawsuit, against Sir Cavendish Bentinck, a member of the British Legation at Paris and cousin of the King of England. Sir Cavendish rented an apartment at Spinelly's hotel in the Avenue de Suffren in Paris. His Majesty's cousin was an unsatisfactory tenant because he brought in with him a pack of noisy dogs and a flock of unhousebroken carrier pigeons.

Spinelly has a single-track mind and, just as she can only love one person at a time, so she can only hate one person at a time and do justice. Therefore the mannikin suit will have to wait till she has dealt with Sir Cavendish.

An interesting fact that has impressed clothing sellers is that one of the most popular dummies is of a man, M. Pauley, who with Andre Lefaur starred in Pagnol's "Topaze" that had a phenomenal run at the Varieties. Both of these comedians have been turned out in dummy form. Pauley is by no means the slim-waisted moving picture idol type but what is politely termed a "short stout." The world is full of short stouts, and seeing a sample suit on this well-known and well-dressed man, with their own sort of figure, passing males are strongly moved to step in and try one on.

Just as an experiment, Mlle. Zay made a dummy of Bregette Helm, the famous German film star, and left her face untouched by caricature. As a dummy she sells clothes nicely, but not better than the others. In her dummy of Jeanne Cheirel, costar of the play "La Sexe Faible," the sculptress show a plain, middle-aged and heavy-set woman. This is a sort of feminine counterpart of the "short-stout" M. Pauley and equally successful as a silent "puller-in" because it shows the thousands of women who know they have that sort of figure exactly what they will look like in the dress.

Mlle. Parysis, famed music-hall singer, is presented in an awkward but perfectly natural pose that brings to mind the amateur performers at the Petit Casino, while Paul Poiret, style dictator, appears like Pericles in a tuxedo, and witty Saint-Granier like a grinning ape.

If the new ideas in dummies is tried in the United States, as seems likely, a model of President Hoover should bring in more business than one of Col. Lindbergh, because there are more middle-aged men with that sort of figure and the price of a suit in their pockets than could wear the colonel's clothes and pay for them.

By the New Idea the "Short Stout" Is Not Neglected, and This Figure of M. Pauley, the Paris Comedian, Shows a "Short Stout" Exactly How He Will Appear in "Short Stout" Clothes.

Fraulein Bregette Helm, the Famous German Film Star, Whom Mlle. Zay Has Not Caricatured and Whose Portrait Dummies Are Now Appearing in Various Paris Store Windows.

A Dummy of Jeanne Cheirel, the French Actress, Not Idealized and With No Frills—Plain, Middle-Aged and Heavy-Set, and Sensibly Showing a Woman of This Build Precisely How She Will Look in the Dress.

One of Mlle. Zay's Fashion Dummies, Showing the Popular French Actress, Mistinguette, Who Has Sued, Not Because She Thinks It is a Caricature, but, the Informed Say, Because the Dress Hides the Legs of Which She Is So Proud.

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Clara Lu 'n Em

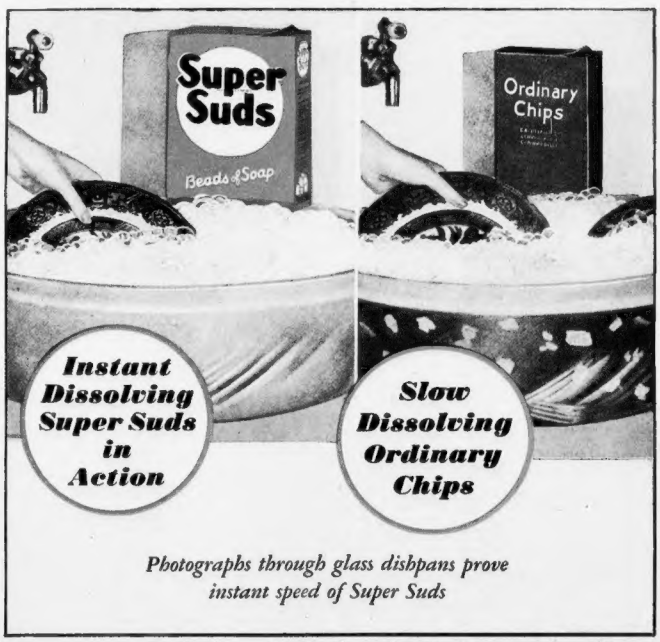
Laugh and chuckle with Clara, Lu 'n' Em; the three gossiping housewives, who are radio's newest sensation. Hear them discuss politics, marriage, the news of the day. Consult the radio program in your newspaper.

NOW EM GETS TO LODGE ON TIME!

LAND SAKES, EM! WASHIN DISHES WITH THAT POKEY CHIP SOAP - NO WONDER YOU AINT READY FOR THE LODGE
ILL RUN HOME AND FETCH MY SUPER SUDS AND WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO DO DISHES IN HALF THE TIME
Chips

ALL YOU GOT TO DO IS POUR SUPER SUDS IN YOUR DISHPAN, TURN ON THE WATER AND BANG! EVERY SPECK TURNS INTO SUDS QUICKER'N A FLASH - AINT A CHIP OR FLAKE'LL GIVE YOU SUDS THAT FAST
AN' EM, HONEY, JUST FEEL. SUDS FROM TOP TO BOTTOM NO WAITIN OR STIRRIN OR HEATIN WATER EXTRA HOT
Super Suds

WHY IM ALMOST DONE AIN'T THAT WONDERFUL? DID YOU EVER SEE A SOAP WASH DISHES SO FAST?
THAT'S BECAUSE SUPER SUDS HANDS YOU OUT ALL THE SUDS YOU NEED RIGHT FROM THE START 'STEAD OF DRAGGIN IT OUT AND LETTIN YOUR DISHWATER GET GREASY LIKE MOST SOAPS
Super Suds



Photographs through glass dishpans prove instant speed of Super Suds

SUPER SUDS THE BIG BOX OF SOAP FOR **10c**

"Three Generations From Shirtsleeves to Shirtsleeves"

Bankruptcy Troubles of Claus Spreckels III, Grandson of the Sugar Multimillionaire, and Other Instances of the Dissipation of Great Inherited Fortunes Confirm the Truth of the Old Adage

Mr. Claus Spreckels III.

A Portrait of the Two Stallo Heiresses Before They Became Princesses and Also Before They Had Lost Their Fortunes. The Painting Is by George Burroughs Torrey.

Mrs. Claus Spreckels III, Who Has a Good Deal of Money Even If Mr. Spreckels Has Lost His Fortune.

Photo I.P.U.

Miss Hertha Kaths, Called "Kitten Cats," the Attractive Blonde Who Told of a Romance With Mr. Spreckels and Later Charged Him With Having Her Put in a Psychopathic Ward, and Then Later On Denied He Had Ever Injured Her.

RADICAL agitators have often demanded that there should be a law to take a rich man's wealth away when he dies, if not sooner. Otherwise, it was easy to figure that in a few generations all the wealth in the world would be in the hands of a few families.

It happens that there is such a law, not one passed by any Legislature, but a queer, inexorable law of nature by which the third generation is often doomed to lose or throw away the millions that grandpa accumulated.

"It is only three generations from shirtsleeves to shirtsleeves," is the way the law has been expressed, and in obedience to it Claus Spreckels III, descendant of the "Sugar King," recently turned up in the bankruptcy courts of Los Angeles.

Young Claus was a bit careless with his money and got into a few scrapes that an ordinary youth could hardly have afforded, but these things were not enough to make much dent in his $6,000,000 inheritance. Furthermore, he attended to business and tried to make more money in the profitable field of California real estate. But it was no use. The sugar millions had been in the pockets of three generations of the Spreckels family; they were now due in other pockets and they just flew there.

In 1846 a German immigrant named Claus Spreckels got off a boat at Charleston, S. C. He was 18 years old and took off his coat to tackle the first job he found. This was shirtsleeves Spreckels number one. By hard work and shrewd judgment he saved a little money and went out to the coast and there began to do things that made him one of the richest men of his times. He went in for sugar cane raising and refining in a big way. The old man came to be known as the "Sugar King" of the Pacific Coast, and in a comparatively few years established the California Sugar Refinery in San Francisco, acquired all the available sugar land in the Hawaiian Islands, including the entire island of Maui, established a steamship line, a bank and other commercial enterprises of such importance that he virtually controlled the trade of the West.

Claus the second inherited his father's business ability and acumen and after heading numerous sugar organizations both in the West and East climaxed his career as president of the Federal Sugar Refining Company, a $10,000,000 corporation.

The present Claus III is really a fourth generation, being the grandson of Claus II and son of John D. Spreckels. But John D. does not really count because he was a pioneer who started off early making a fortune on his own account that had nothing to do with the sugar millions. He was a pioneer who built much of the commercial development of San Diego. However, sugar millions came to him just about in time to pass them on in 1926 to his son, Claus III. Those six million sugar dollars were in the third set of Spreckels' pockets and got out.

Claus III's father bought San Diego real estate at $40 an acre and sold it at $400, but the son evened things up by buying at $400 and having to sell at $40. Miss Hertha Kaths, a blond lady affectionately known as "Kitten Cats," is said to have caught quite a few of those escaping sugar dollars. It seems that "Kitten" was living at a Los Angeles hotel when detectives told her that if she did not do certain things she would have her sanity tested and probably be confined for life in an asylum. Miss Kaths refused, and after being forcibly taken to a hospital and examined by doctors, appeared in court and was discharged as mad but not crazy.

"Kitten" now showed her claws and told of a romance with Claus Spreckels III, blaming the persecution upon that young gentleman. Asa Keys, now in San Quentin Prison for bribery, was then District Attorney of Los Angeles County. He saw his duty and sent for Miss Kaths, not to punish her, for the woman is never guilty, but to "get the goods" on the wealthy Spreckels. However, the "Kitten" disappeared and when she turned up again announced that her friend Claus had never done a wrong thing in his life.

Such a sudden change of opinion was estimated to have cost quite a lot of money. And now the scion of the sugar millions is in the bankruptcy courts. His creditors have bills amounting to more than $73,000, but Mr. Spreckels denies the validity of their claims. He admits, however, he owes "more than a thousand dollars," and has asked for a jury trial to determine whether he does or does not owe that $73,000. But his wife has plenty of money to keep them both, provided she doesn't get tired.

It makes no difference which sex that third generation represents; granddaughters throw the millions out the window just as enthusiastically as do grandsons and the rule applies even if they are adopted children. Alexander McDonald, one of the earliest Standard Oil millionaires, left a fortune of $50,000,000. His two grandchildren are now in the shirtsleeves stage, earning a living or trying to.

Laura Harrington McDonald, the pioneer oil millionaire's daughter, first married Dan R. Hanna, son of Senator Mark Hanna, the "President maker." It seemed as if two immense fortunes were united, but the marriage did not last. They were divorced in 1897 and five years later Laura married the late Edmond K. Stallo, New York businessman. Two daughters were born to them and McDonald adopted them and made them his heirs when the mother died.

McDonald took Stallo into partnership in many of his railroad and mining ventures. The father was also guardian and trustee for the girls. It was supposed that they were among the great heiresses of the country and both made what were considered, from a social viewpoint, brilliant international marriages.

Helene married Prince Michel Murat, direct descendant of the Marshal that Napoleon made King of Naples. But the noble prince quickly ran through all his wife's money he could get his hands on, and is in continual but water provided by his creditors. He has been mixed up in several questionable jewelry and automobile transactions and was actually condemned to a term in jail. His wife was successful in her Nice tea room because she personally served her patrons, and many persons paid highly for the privilege of being waited on by a real princess. She has four children.

The other Stallo-McDonald sister fared even worse. Her husband, Prince Francesco Rospigliosi, is a member of one of the oldest Italian noble families with hereditary positions with both the King and the Vatican. After several unsuccessful business ventures which cost his wife a lot of money, he now permits her to do the family earning. Last year her New York cosmetics "salon" failed and a few weeks ago her millinery store was placed in the hands of a receiver.

After McDonald's death, his business was carried on by Stallo, the son-in-law. He was not as successful as the old Cincinnati oil king. What is left of the vast fortune is so tied up in litigation that no one can get any of it except the lawyers. When a few years before his death Stallo made an accounting, the estate once estimated at $50,000,000 had shrunk to $1,757,722 and nobody could touch even that sum.

So the great heiresses are now trying to earn their own living. But, of course, they are still princesses.

The failure of the Clarke Brothers' Bank in New York City two years ago was another striking example of the collapse of a family fortune in the third generation. The bank was founded by William Clarke in 1843, and had nearly a century's record of honorable dealings. While the Clarkes never amassed a great fortune, they became wealthy and the grandsons were thought to be rich men until the failure.

The private bank had been a landmark on Park Row for many years. In 1904 it was reorganized. Hudson Clarke, Sr., last of the sons of the founder, retired and turned the business over to his four sons, William H., James Rae, Philip L. and Hudson, Jr. W. H. Clarke did not live long and the business was carried on by the three remaining brothers. The sudden closing in 1929 was a calamity to hundreds of business and professional men in the Brooklyn Bridge section.

It was revealed that the entire capital and surplus of the bank had been lost, together with $5,000,000 in deposits. Fantastic investments in remote corners of the world and poor investments at home had utterly wiped out the institution's funds. Depositors received only five cents on the dollar and the Clarke brothers were ruined and disgraced. The shocking revelations killed Hudson Clarke, son of the founder. Mrs. Hudson Clarke, Jr., died of the shock. James Rae Clarke, head of the bank, died in Atlanta Federal Penitentiary, where he was sent to serve an eight-year term for misuse of the mails in connection with the bank's operations.

James Rae Clarke assumed all responsibility for the irregularities in the bank's conduct, exonerating the younger brothers. He said they merely followed his orders and "did not know what it was all about." Nevertheless, they were stripped of all their possessions, sentenced to prison and forced to begin life all over again at the bottom of the ladder.

Philip Clarke, Hudson Clarke, Jr., and John F. Bouker, a recent addition to the firm, were each sentenced to a year and a day in Atlanta. All pleaded guilty to Federal indictments. Hudson, however, was paroled to care for the wives of the other brothers, who gave up all their personal effects in behalf of the defrauded depositors. He got a job selling automobiles. Shirtsleeves for all of them.

Reginald Claypool Vanderbilt, known the world over as "Reggie," astonished everyone a few years ago by dying broke, though he had inherited $12,500,000 outright and $250,000 yearly income on a trust fund. There was more wonder at how Reggie had managed to fritter away such a sum than in how the original shirtsleeves Commodore Vanderbilt had founded the fortune.

Rich food, rare liquors, fancy horses and lavish entertainments cost money, but Reggie could have paid for all he did on those lines out of the income of his fortune. Any amount of millions can be lost in speculation, but this Vanderbilt never speculated. Alimony is one of the big reducers of swollen fortunes, but Reggie's first wife, the former Gloria Gebhard Neilson, let him off with a mere $30,000 a year. Having added all the other popular methods by which a fool and his money are parted Reggie concentrated on gambling at the age of 45 had managed to get rid of it all by this one method alone. However, Reggie was a fourth generation and had to make up for lost time.

To average things up the great fortune piled up by Cyrus W. Field, merchant prince and layer of the first trans-Atlantic cable, melted away in the hands of his erratic son. Edward M. Field. Instead of living a life of luxury on the millions amassed by the old merchant, his favorite grandson, also named Cyrus W. Field, had to begin life all over as a doctor on the New York City Board of Health. His young wife, a Boston society girl, was reduced to keeping a small millinery store.

The original Cyrus W. Field retired from merchandising and devoted his fortune to laying the undersea cable to Europe. He was as successful in this new field as he had been as a pioneer department store owner. In honor of his friend Morse, inventor of the telegraph, he named his first born son Henry Morse Field. The retired merchant sank millions in the Atlantic before success crowned his efforts. Then, of course, he made new millions.

When the time came to set his heir and favorite son up in the business, he bought him a junior partnership in the Wall Street brokerage firm of Tefft, Truesdell & Field, and put in $250,000 more for himself as a "special partner." The firm was later reorganized as Field, Lindley, Wiechers & Co. It prospered for years, many persons unhesitatingly entrusting their money to the son of the beloved Cyrus Field. But soon Field, unknown to his father and partners, speculated heavily and after wasting his own fortune drew on the funds of customers and partners. On "Black Friday," November 27, 1891, the firm failed for $3,000,000. Young Cyrus Field of the third generation rolled up his sleeves and became a physician. His wife rolled up hers and opened a millinery shop in Boston.

The collapse of the great Sprague cotton manufacturing fortune of Providence, R. I., was a financial tragedy of a generation ago. At the time of the Civil War the business was employing 15,000 mill hands and in the second generation was carried on successfully by the two sons of the founder, William and Amasa Sprague.

But the third generation was run by the second William, who devoted himself to horses, politics and society, marrying Kate Chase, daughter of Salmon P. Chase, Abraham Lincoln's Secretary of the Treasury, becoming Governor and United States Senator. Then came the crash. The business failed, his wife divorced him and William had to roll up his sleeves and end his days as the chief of Narragansett's police force of six men.

Photo P.A.A.

Gloria Morgan Vanderbilt, the Second Wife of Reggie, in a Costume as a Movie "Extra."

A Sketch of Reggie Vanderbilt Made by a Friend Which Is Said to Have Amused the Multi-millionaire Greatly. It Shows Him Dancing the Tango and Was Made When He Had Almost Danced Through His Millions.

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Most Cold Drinks make you *Hotter!*

. . . but this one actually reduces body temperature!

Iced Tea is definitely cooling. It helps body throw off heat . . leaves you cooler for hours after . . Most cold drinks drive heat inward . . increase body temperature.

DON'T think because a drink *tastes cold*, that it is bound to cool you off! Scientists say most cold drinks are definitely heating . . . They drive the heat and fluids of the body inward, and increase body temperature. Even plain ice water very quickly makes you *hotter*.

Iced Tea, on the other hand, actually *reduces body temperature*. Recent scientific tests, with Chase & Sanborn's Tea, prove that its cooling effects are almost immediate, and that it *leaves you cooler* for as long as two hours after!

But Iced Tea does more than just cool you off. It supplies a definite energy pick-up . . . overcomes that sluggish, listless feeling that all of us get in hot weather.

Chase & Sanborn's Tea richer in flavor—more refreshing

CHASE & SANBORN'S is a tea of such exceptionally rich flavor, that it makes unusually fine iced tea. It ranks so high in actual flavor content that it retains its refreshing richness right through all the dilution of cracked ice.

This is the real test of tea flavor . . . and of its refreshing quality, too. For the same element which carries the flavor of tea, also determines how refreshing and cooling it is.

Keep cool with delicious Chase & Sanborn's. Make up a big pitcher of it, all frosty cold with cracked ice, and serve it for luncheon and dinner these hot, scorching days. When you have afternoon or evening parties, there's nothing so appropriate as this iced tea . . . and nothing so deliciously cooling!

• • •

Chase & Sanborn's comes in two varieties . . . Chase & Sanborn's Orange Pekoe (generally preferred for iced tea) and Chase & Sanborn's Formosa Oolong. Each the best of its kind. Both come in quarter-pound and half-pound canisters. Ask for them at your grocer's.

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2 KINDS . . . *Orange Pekoe and Formosa Oolong*

CONVENIENTLY PACKED IN SCREW-TOP CANISTERS

What He Didn't Tell

Singularly Restrained and Unrevealing Memoirs of Charles B. Cochran, Famous British Stage Manager, Who Knows More Secrets of Actors and Actresses Than Any Living Person

Miss Leonora Hughes, Who Rose from an $8-a-Week Telephone Girl to $1,000-a-Week Dancer, and Was First Starred With Maurice by Mr. Cochran, Yet He Neglects to Reveal the Inside Story of Her Desertion of Her Handsome Dancing Partner.

The Beautiful Billie Carlton, Whose Tragic and Mysterious Death From Drugs, After the Famous Victory Ball, Has No New Light Shed Upon It by Mr. Cochran's Memoirs.

Kay Laurell, in One of Her Striking Poses as a "Follies" Girl Before She Went to England, Gave Up Stage Life to Become a Patron of the Theatre and Mysteriously Accumulated an Estate of $200,000, as Revealed After Her Death.

LONDON, Aug. 1

WHEN Mr. Charles B. Cochran announced his secret book, "Secrets of a Showman," it caused general excitement in all branches of the show business. Mr. Cochran, biggest and most famous of British pro mers, knew everyone of consequence in the profession, on either side of the ocean, and most of them intimately. What he doesn't know about stage folk isn't worth knowing.

There has been probably no mystery and tragedy of recent theatrical times more discussed than the fate of Billie Carlton. If anyone could settle the question of why this beautiful girl with all London at her feet chose to take drugs and finally end her life accidentally or deliberately, after the Victory Ball, it is such Mr. Cochran. He not only knew the girl well, but it was he who discovered her and made her famous and she hugged him the very night she died. Of such he writes:

"Ethel Levey was leaving; such a dominant personality would be difficult to replace. There was nobody with a name who would not suffer by comparison, so I decided upon a contrast, and took from the chorus a young girl of flower-like beauty, delicate charm and great intelligence—Billie Carlton. Despite her inexperience and tiny voice, she pleased the audience. A more beautiful creature has never fluttered upon a stage. She seemed scarcely human, so fragile was she.

"The very last time I met her was at Albert Hall, on the fateful night. She looked ravishingly beautiful and seemed happy and she ran up to give me a hug when she saw me. The news of her death next day was a terrible shock to me. The comments which I heard made my blood boil. She never had a chance against heredity. That is the explanation of her downfall. Her childhood had given her a positive fear of alcohol and she was, all the time I knew her, a strict teetotaller, although her nervous temperament, always craving excitement, must have desired stimulant of some kind. She tried her hardest to resist temptation, but there were horrible people who would not leave her alone."

Mr. Cochran mentions none of the horrible people nor what they did to her but he does tell of the very rich gambler, John Marsh, who handed Billie a great sum of money only a few days before she died and who died himself from pneumonia caught mourning at her grave.

Mr. Cochran knew Miss Kay Laurell, "who rose and fell," an interesting and mysterious figure of the stage. When she died in an English boarding house some time ago, it was assumed that she must have been in poverty and Broadway figured up that in her rather brief career she had earned $100,000 in salary. It was sad that she should die penniless and sadder that she left a fatherless boy.

While they were planning to hold benefits for the child, a will turned up and an English estate of almost exactly $100,000. This seemed a remarkable example of economy. An actress had succeeded in saving every penny of her salary and apparently lived on the interest of her savings. Yet she had not lived so economically, judging from her clothes and jewels. Then came the discovery that Miss Laurell had still another $100,000 in the United States which she seemed to have forgotten about in that will.

Kay was originally a Philadelphia telephone girl who had ambition, a fairly good face and an almost perfect figure. Also she was smart and willing to do anything. During the small hours of the night she called prominent New York theatrical managers on the long distance and got them instantly. Almost anyone will answer a long distance call after midnight because it presumably must be of desperate importance and anyway it is better to see what it is than to lie awake and wonder. Miss Laurell told the managers how beautiful she was and to prevent her from disturbing their sleep again they gave her appointments and kept them.

Thus it was that Kay Laurell got her start and soon she became a "Follies" star by the simple process of outstripping everyone in a day when nudity on the stage was still something of a novelty. She would do anything to get publicity and quarrelled with her press agent because he blushingly refused to arrange for her to ride on a horse down Broadway dressed like Lady Godiva, except that Lady Kay's hair was bobbed.

Kay's ambition was to be a great dramatic actress and though she obtained one or two prominent parts she did not make much of an impression and died still trying. Why, with $200,000 salted away, did she die in a boarding house and how did she accumulate all that money? These and some of the other mysteries of Miss Laurell's life are the secrets which poor but ambitious telephone girls probably wish Mr. Cochran had revealed in his big book, but didn't.

A curious thing about the book is that, of all the beautiful women—British, French and American—whom Mr. Cochran met in his forty years of theatrical experience, he selects Trini Ramos as the "most beautiful woman in the world." She was an obscure dancer who [illegible] mentioned in the British "Who's Who in the Theatre."

The Cute Little Duncan Sisters Playing Horse, Rosetta the Rider and Vivian the Horse. The Book Says Many Nice Things of Them, but Neglects to Clear Up the Mystery of What Happened at Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt's Grand Party When They Disappeared With the Prince of Wales and King Alfonso of Spain.

Trini Ramos, Who, Out of All the Beautiful Women He Came in Contact With, Is Described by Mr. Cochran as the Most Beautiful in the World.

Mr. Cochran knew the Duncan Sisters well and [illegible] about [illegible] Vanderbilt party that [illegible] everyone has been dying to find out about them and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and His Majesty King Alfonso of Spain. It is interesting to read how innocent these two girls were when they first came to London. For instance, they started into a department store to buy some ribbon but backed out when they saw on the window the words, "By Appointment," which means that the store is boasting of the fact that it has done business with either the King or Queen of England.

The little Duncans thought it meant that customers could not buy anything unless they had written in advance and made an appointment. So they looked around till they found a store that did not seem to be so fussy. The thing everybody would like to know and no doubt it has been whispered into Mr. Cochran's ear, is the [illegible] seen to drive away together in a common, ordinary taxi. The Duncan Sisters have given out an official report of what happened during those zero hours while Mrs. Vanderbilt's hair started to turn white. But, as the sisters have remarked many a time, "And that wasn't all." Too bad Mr. [illegible] left out of his big book.

[illegible] contains a page picture of Mistinguett, the celebrated French [illegible] with [illegible] Maurice Chevalier [illegible] partner, whom she made famous and her heart and caused those tears by marrying not her, but the much younger Yvonne Valle. Of course, Mistinguett was 60 years old at the time and her Maurice only 30, but "Miss," as the French called her, hardly seemed 40 and the young man certainly did owe her something.

When he was only a schoolboy, he had fallen in love with the star's pictures and bribed a messenger boy to smuggle him past the stage door man to a spot where he could see his adored one enter and leave her dressing room. In her haste she actually fell over the youth, pinched his pink cheek and said he was a pretty boy who might succeed on the stage. Just for that Chevalier ran away from home and tried it. After several years of indifferent progress he had the good luck to be selected as the new dancing partner for his former idol and the further luck that she fell in love with him.

But there was another lover in the company who did not like being displaced. This gentleman opened Chevalier's dressing room one evening and over until it tasted like a restaurant meal. Finally the Duke of York, being a brother of the Prince, dared to knock on the door and was admitted.

He came out with [illegible] everybody else might as well sit right down to their curdled dinner because the Prince and the King and [illegible] were enjoying themselves and hadn't the slightest idea when they would come out. Also would Mrs. Vanderbilt be so kind as to send them in [illegible] everything? She did.

When [illegible] finally emerged, its members told the hostess, in no uncertain way out, that they had had a perfectly [illegible]

[illegible] her heart so hard it almost [illegible] of. That night [illegible] and [illegible] Mistinguett was never the same afterward.

She went right out and had her "death mask" made while she was alive and could see that it was done right, but instead of dying of her broken heart she took another partner, Earl [illegible] Cochran to her house at the appointed time to rehearse their new dance, she opened a window and emptied a revolver at him. On account of her poor aim or his acrobatic dodging, none of the bullets took effect. The official explanation was that [illegible] "apache" costume and the impetuous lady had taken him for the real thing. The police and others wondered why she hadn't shot him any of the previous ten evenings when he appeared at the same time and in the same costume. The author unfortunately forgot to mention either of these high spots in the life of his friend Mistinguett.

[illegible] whom [illegible] was Leonora Duse, the great tragedienne it is said that her heart was broken when the Italian poet D'Annunzio [illegible] to an end. But when we used it as literary material in such a way that it laid not only his heart, but hers bare to the world, [illegible] that she died.

That tragedy has often been written about, but never the real inside story [illegible] Mr. Cochran, enjoyed her confidence. That story alone would have made the book worth preserving, but it is another secret he isn't telling.

It was Mr. Cochran who first brought together Maurice, the celebrated dancer and charming little Miss Leonora Hughes, and their first appearance was under his management. Both were grateful to him for that until a few years later Leonora, like his other lovely partners, deserted him. She [illegible] [illegible] she fell in love [illegible] was supposed to be Baron [illegible] Argentine [illegible] Hungarian [illegible] from the [illegible] stopped, bent over a sobbing figure in a pew, tenderly patted his head and dropped a couple of tears and a kiss on it.

"It is a long-lost brother, perhaps?" asked the puzzled groom.

"No," replied the bride, "just my dear old partner, Maurice." Half a bookful of interesting secrets could have been written about the adventures of Maurice, to say nothing of Leonora Hughes who rose from an eight-dollar-a-week telephone girl to four-thousand-dollar-a-week dancer and then wife of a millionaire. It could have been, but it hasn't.

Only one short paragraph is given to his friend Cleo de Merode, made famous as the eighteen-year-old favorite of King Leopold of Belgium. If he had revealed some of the secrets of that astonishing old monarch with his underground passages and specially built outdoor staircases which were not fire-escapes, but "sweetheart-escapes," he could have turned out the best seller of the year without anything more. Those would be secrets worth translating into all languages.

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Strange and Interesting Americans

A Visit to Our Curious Fellow Nationals in the Odd Corners of the Philippine Islands, Where a Moslem Sultan and His Wives Hold Court Under the Stars and Stripes, Villages of Sea Gypsies Live on Boats, Slaves Are Sold, Head-Hunting Savages Hide in the Jungle and Occasional Human Sacrifices Take Place

Silhouette of Native Boats Forming a Circle for a "Fish Drive"

WHEN President Hoover made his recent visit to the Virgin Islands, which the United States bought fourteen years ago from Denmark, he was so shocked at the grim poverty and hopeless outlook that he remarked: We acquired an effective poorhouse.

If President Hoover ever visits the Philippines the American islands on the other side of the world, he would have a much more interesting and varied experience. Almost everything is "wide open" so far as liquor, opium, gambling and most things which are forbidden by the laws of the United States. Under the United States flag lives a Mohammedan Sultan with his wives in various parts of the islands the tribes of head-hunters still carry on their customs and in other localities slaves are bought and sold, polygamy is common, and there are American savages living in jungles which have never been explored.

Mr. Aleko E. Lilius, correspondent of the American Weekly, has recently made a tour of inspection of a few of the 7,000 islands seldom visited and unexplored by American authorities, and some of his experiences and the photographs he succeeded in taking are published on this page today.

By ALEKO E. LILIUS
(American Weekly Correspondent)

CHAPTER II.
(Continued from Last Sunday)

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JOLO (Capital of Sulu),
Philippine Islands, July 11.

"ANYTHING can happen to you on the Chinese Pier at Jolo." I had heard this warning often enough the first time I visited Jolo on my way to interview His Highness the Sultan of Sulu, a Mohammedan ruler, with two wives, palaces, a court, and all the trappings of royalty, reigning, but not ruling much, under the American flag in the Sulu Archipelago of the Philippine Islands.

And now, at midnight, with a dangerous-looking thunderstorm on our heels, we were about to tie up to that pier which has borne such an evil reputation since Spanish times and long before.

I mentioned this to our captain, but this son of a pirate was too anxious and busy to waste words on an American landlubber, so he just pointed a stubby thumb in the direction of the thundering cloud-banks and said:

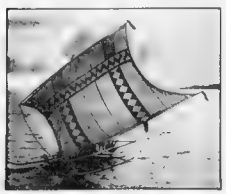
"Something sure happen if we don't," and went on with the business of getting our *sapi*, a small sailboat, alongside the pier, at the foot of the jess house. I was glad enough.

We had completed the journey that had taken us through the Sulu Archipelago until we had reached Borneo and then back again, criss-crossing the Sulu waters, with an occasional side trip into the Celebes Sea. Our party had sailed for weeks and we were tired. But it was near midnight, and we had to look for shelter. Not just a roof over our heads, but a bed and "chow" and a drink. All these things would seem mighty good after our hardships on board, the rice diet and the brackish water.

We landed and halfway up the quiet and seemingly deserted pier, something did happen. The storm broke with a sudden fury, known only to the tropics. The Chinese Pier is a long row of two-story shacks, built on wooden piles, and bordered by a sidewalk of loose and sometimes rotten boards. One is quite likely to crash through this sidewalk into deep and dirty water. If so there is the choice of a considerable swim to shore or clinging to a slimy pile till daylight.

To yell for help would be a waste of breath, because nobody would pay any attention. Though there are plenty of Chinese living on the pier at night, to guard their treasures, they would think cries for help meant that someone was being murdered. And in that vicinity it is unprofitable business to interfere in any murder but one's own, and the Chinese is always a good business man. So I was trying to watch my step as those wretched boards sagged and cracked ominously under my rather heavy tread.

In the shacks about me were to be found all the evils of humanity—smugglers' headquarters, opium and gambling dens and assorted kinds of other vice, but also respectable jewelry shops, honest pearl traders, stores for provisions and wines. There were boardings which housed many young girls, amused good but were evil, and others contained dried fish that smelled evil but were decent—though I learned later that even the innocent fish sometimes were wicked. Also there were "general merchants"—gentlemen who specialize in smuggled silks and contraband coolies. It was a likely place for a white man to be knocked on the head, "rolled" for his money and dropped through the boards.



A Smuggler or Slave Trader—Perhaps Both.

Two Prosperous Moro Gentlemen of Fashion.

In the Corner of an Opium Den—Where There Are Chinese There Always Will Be Opium.

The downpour, when it struck, was one of those unendurable cloudbursts that make horses run away, wet a man through in an instant, and force him to seek the nearest shelter, regardless of what it may be. I promptly kicked in the nearest door, jumped inside and found myself in the presence of an elderly Chinese, stretched on a couch and smoking an opium pipe. To say that I was neither expected nor welcome is putting it mildly. At sight of me he jumped up and disappeared into the darkness of the next room, leaving his pipe behind.

One of the Dark and Dangerous Alleys on the Notorious "Chinese Pier."

In Chinese and English I spoke to the darkness, but there was no response. My intrusion was suffic ent reason for being tapped on the skull and dumped in the harbor, and I had no doubt that he was watching me from somewhere. However, the Chinese are never in a hurry, and, figured that nothing would happen to me for a while and I occupied the time by telling my unseen host—was a good fellow I was, that I was not a Government agent nor an informer, and had forced my unworthy self into his honorable home only on account of the weather.

In the midst of my flowery apologies the old fellow came back. He may have been fifty years old, or eighty. It is hard to tell the age of a Chinaman.

Some men know how to get along with wild animals, and could kick in the door of a lion's cage without offending its occupants. My business is taking me around the world, getting in and out of such little corners as this, and I have learned the knack of quickly convincing strangers that I am "all right." "All right" means, the world over, someone who won't tell the authorities.

Within a few moments my Chinaman had rolled another opium pill and we were chatting like old friends. He said that for many years, at first, the American soldiers were forbidden to visit the pier, or even to move outside the gates of the walled part of Jolo, unless they were in parties of at least three, and fully armed. The troublesome part of the picture is changed. The Moros, the principal inhabitants of Jolo, are now peaceful, and a white woman or child can walk today outside the gates of the city without danger of being molested.

But the Chinese Pier itself is not good. It is probably as wicked today as it was during the Spanish regime, although its evil is, of course, not "advertised." There is considerable smuggling going on among the Sulu Islands, the principal commodities being Chinese coolies and opium from Borneo. The Philippine customs agents are watching, but not closely enough, because they can't. The southernmost point of America's most easterly possession, at Sitangkai, has a custom house and an otherwise perfectly safe agent. But the Moros and Samals don't consider him as a serious danger for their trade in their swift-sailing vintas, because he has not been so far provided with a motor launch, not to say a speed boat. And so the smugglers take a roundabout way, which enables them to avoid Sitangkai, and the customs agent can only sit helpless, unable to stop them.

The clearing house for both the opium and the smuggled Chinese coolies in Jolo is undoubtedly this Chinese Pier. Practically every business house along the pier is owned by the Chinese, hence the name. These want only Chinese in their employ, because of the enmity with which the Filipinos regard them. They cannot trust Filipinos with their goods or money, or, what is more important to them, with their secrets. But they will trust other Chinese.

The opium coming from Borneo is not of a very high grade. It is adulterated with brown sugar or cassava, and the price is exorbitant. Chinese, themselves, say that smuggling of coolies is far more profitable than opium. The Chinese order from the Samal smugglers a certain quota of coolies, each of whom pays fifty pesos for being smuggled—a peso is worth half a dollar.

I cultivated the acquaintance of this man, visiting him during the daytime when he kept a little shop or tiendo, trading in pearls. One day we watched a slave-trading vinta, one of those big, fast-sailing native vessels, swoop into the harbor under a great spread of sail. Down came the canvas as her crew expertly ran her alongside the pier. Two young, dark-skinned and pretty girls stepped ashore and went away, guarded by several Moro men.

"Is it true that you can buy a girl on this pier?" I asked my companion.

"No," he replied, with a faint twinkle in his eye. "You Americans have changed all that. Today you can't buy a girl unless you marry her, and then a good one will cost you maybe 10 pesos" ($20).

"Well," I said, "if you have to marry her, that makes it all right, don't you think?"

"Quite all right," agreed the Chinese, "because you can divorce her any time by just telling her so. Only a new and young one, like those two, would bring 40 pesos. An old and moth-married 'wife' would hardly be worth 10 pesos" ($5).

This prompted me to ask if he had any wives. The old fellow shook his head.

"Not now," he answered. "Women talk so much and spread their things all over the house. They do not know how to be calm. So, why bother, when I have my pipe?"

This seemed a good excuse to ask how he got his opium.

"I don't buy my smoke from the Samals or Moros," he admitted readily. "I get a much better grade from the north. It comes from Manila, smuggled from Macao and Hongkong, but the shipments are uncertain, while the Samals can always provide me with their vile stuff. The Borneo opium used to be good, but it's getting worse each year. It is also getting more expensive. So the smugglers adulterate the already doctored drug, and the smoke you get from a pipe of smuggled opium is something fierce," the old Chinese grimaced.

Then he told me about the various routes by which opium is smuggled into the Philippines.

One way is from Borneo's northeast coast, past Sitankai, to the island of Tawo-Tawi, and from there step by step northward. Another from Sandakan to Cagayan Sulu, and from there direct to the large central islands. A third route goes along the coast of Palawan. The single customs cutter that is assigned the duty of guarding over 7,000 islands seldom enters these waters, and, anyway, it is far too slow to catch a vinta in a fair wind.

Should a smuggler be so unfortunate as to be caught, he will throw the opium overboard. The drug is concealed in heavily weighted packages, tied together in a long chain, with a mark or buoy, which can be seen only at low tide. This enables the smuggler to return for the cache.

In smuggling Chinese coolies a slightly different method is followed. The coolies are crowded aboard a vinta, and pay in advance their passage money of 50 pesos a head, 10 pesos more than a grade-A wife is worth. If all goes well, by dark night, with a guard at the end of the pier and another in an outrigger canoe in the harbor, the smugglers will creep swiftly in, unload their human wares at the pier, and long before dawn be gone again. They are born seafarers, and their fathers were the dreaded pirates of Sulu, known throughout the world.

If, however, Allah is too unkind as to permit customs officers or revenue cutter to show up in the vinta's course, she makes for the nearest uninhabited island. Provided there is time the coolies are landed on it after they have first been stripped of any money and valuables they may have. The smuggler, with all sails set, then scuds off before the wind. If the wind fails she may be overhauled by the cutter, but no evidence will be found on board.

Should time be pressing the smuggler simply sails as close as safe to the island, forcing the coolies to jump and swim for it. If they cannot swim it is just too bad. Provided wind and weather do not make it too inconvenient, considering that the smuggler has already been paid in full, it will return and salvage the human freight from the island. Otherwise it is too bad again. Sometimes the cutter rescues the poor wretches. In that case they are shipped back to China, at Uncle Sam's expense, and the thing has to be done all over again, at 50 pesos a head, which is again too bad.

Of course I had seen opium dens, with their tiers of bunks, in China and other parts of the world, and when I asked my friend to show me one it was merely to be sure of my facts, not in the hope of beholding anything new. But necessity is, as usual, the mother of invention, and American rule in the Philippines has brought about a novelty, what might be called an automat opium den.

"I take you to a gambling den and I take you to a smoking place," the old man promised me one day after I had succeeded in convincing him that I was only a harmless journalist and not a customs agent. "I usually smoke at home, as you know," he added, smiling at the recollection of how I had stumbled in on him that stormy night.

And so one night he sent word that he would take me for a tour around the pier, but I would have to swear by the eternal peace of my ancestors never to disclose to the authorities what I saw. It sounded very exciting, and I took all the oaths he insisted upon. We walked through one of the dangerous lanes—in fact, a whole labyrinth of them—and finally we stood in the dark, outside the "den."

My guide pushed open the door. A small room with a light burning, a couch, a table and a picture on the wall I saw but not a soul inside. A man passed by on the bamboo sidewalk, shuffling his slippers, opened the door through which we had just come in, and recognizing my friend, only nodded and walked on. There we were in that room with only that one door and no sign of an opium layout.

"Wait, it will come," my friend assured me in response to my questions. After he had given the man in slippers sufficient time to go wherever he was going, my friend walked to a panel of the wall and gave three quick knocks, followed by two slow ones. Then he slid back the panel and beckoned me to come and look. I stared into a black hole about a foot and a half square. Presently I heard faint distant sounds from that hole, which grew louder and nearer, and I saw a light approaching through what was evidently a small square, tin-lined tunnel, some 40 feet long, and sloping downward toward us.

The light turned out to be what is known as a "happy lamp," used to cook opium, and it rode on a narrow metal tray, together with a pipe and the rest of an opium smoking outfit. Soon it came gently to rest at our end of the tunnel and the scheme became clear. When the customer is done smoking, he replaces the layout on the tray together with what money he owes for the service, raps on the panel and goes away. There is a string tied to the tray by which it is pulled up the slanting tunnel to headquarters.

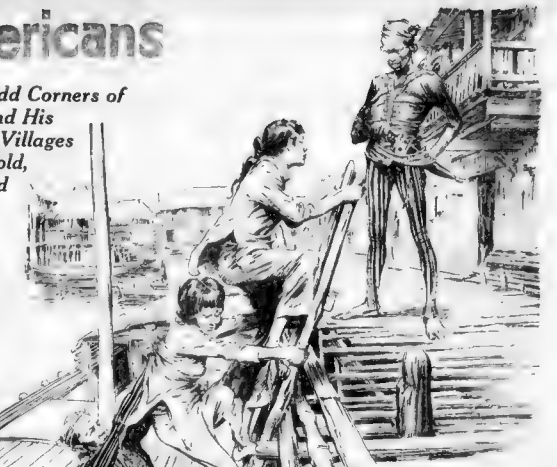
Should the room be raided there is no evidence to show who sold the stuff unless the inspector starts breaking in the panels, every one of which sounds equally hollow until, by luck, he exposes the tunnel.

"But," I asked, "suppose he does, and traces the tunnel to its other end, what would he find?"

"He would find a very small office," my friend replied, as he drew in his first puff. "The man in charge would have ample time to take away his pipes and opium, but very likely he might sit there and wait to be captured. Usually the man in the place is one who, for some reason, wants to return to China, and would like to save the cost of a ticket. If he is caught Uncle Sam will do that very thing for him."

I left my friend pipe-dreaming and, on my way from the opium automat, ran smack into a customs agent whom I knew.

"What you looking for?" he asked, recognizing me in the dark.



"One day I watched a slow-stringsting vinta, one of those big, fast-sailing native vessels, swoop into the harbor under great press of sail. Down came the canvas as her crew expertly ran her alongside the pier. Two young, dark-skinned and pretty girls stepped ashore and went away, guarded by several Moro men."

"I am looking for an opium den."

"Ah, but, senor, you must not believe all the tales that you hear," he replied. "I doubt whether there is one on the pier any more. Mebe better you should write about other things."

I slipped my arm through his, and we walked away to a Chinese restaurant on the pier, where I asked him to tell me all he knew about the ways the Chinese conceal the opium, morphine and other contraband.

The restaurant was a typical Chinese "chow" place. The noise of clattering bowls and the smacking of the diners' lips filled the air.

"Where there are Chinese, there must be opium, of course," said the agent. "But it is not as bad as it used to be. You see, the younger generation does not smoke, at least, very few of them do. Yes, the Samals smuggle it, and as long as there is a Samal or a Moro afloat on the seas between Borneo and the Philippines, they will smuggle. They seem to love the game. They conceal the opium and morphine in a million places. You may even find it in the interiors of the fish they sell, but we in the customs service cannot go at out cutting open every fish we see the Samals carrying.

"Even if we did do so, they would find new places to hide the stuff. And morphine, unlike opium, has so little bulk that it can even be concealed in the orifices of the human body." The man spread his arms in a hopeless gesture. "You see what we are up against. Whenever we see a Chinese walk along the Pier with half a dozen innocent-looking tins of fruit under his arm, we just stop and search him. And invariably it ends with an arrest.

"The Samals hide the drugs in boat coverings, in hollow masts, in chiseled niches in the sides of their boats, or in flower pots, kerosene cans, and in every place their ingenuity can conceive.

"But," he added with a grin, "we have some unasked but very efficient assistants who can smell out their hiding places. These are opium hi-jackers, like the liquor hi-jackers in the United States, only they know their business better because they have been at it longer. These bandits even wear bogus Government Secret Service badges and they don't mind murdering anyone who gives them an argument."

Then I asked him how these things could be if there were no opium dens, as he had assured me not half an hour before was the case. Were these adventurous Samals merely smuggling the stuff for fun, or was there, after all, an opium ring in Jolo, and places for smoking it? He smiled and admitted that perhaps some few places did exist. But I would never find them. And I wouldn't, without a guide.

Then there is the gambling.

Behind locked doors and protected by the same system of signals as those used by our own "speakeasies," one may find the games. Those precautions are in-wall smuggle. They seem to love the game. They conceal the opium and morphine in a million places. You may even find it in the interiors of the fish they sell, but we in the customs service cannot go at out cutting open every fish we see the Samals carrying.

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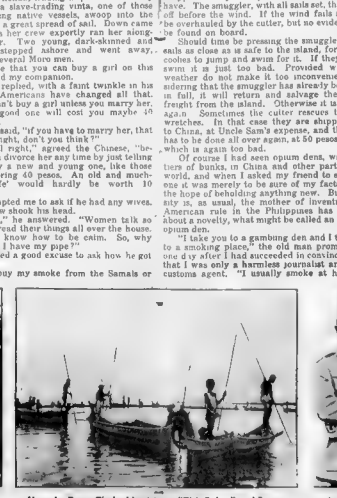
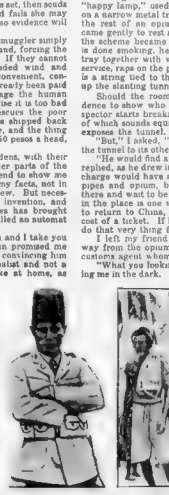
Continued on Page 20

The Rear Part of the "Chinese Pier," Where Anything May Happen.

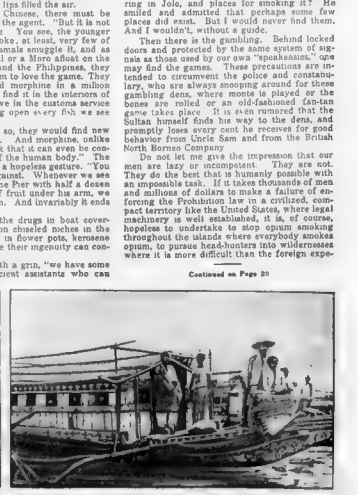


How the Boats Circle About for a "Fish Drive," and Spear the Fish in the Centre of the Circle.



A Native Moro Policeman.

A Native Funeral, With Mother Riding on Top of Her Child's Coffin.



Sea Gypsies on Their Floating Homes. Some Have Lived Their Whole Lives on These Boats Without Ever Having Stepped Ashore.

Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

The [illegible] of the [illegible] pending [illegible] Bay, [illegible] which [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

That Wonderful Baby of yours...

SNAP HIM... WIN A PRIZE!

$25,000 in U. S. Prizes
SIX PICTURE CLASSES
1,000 Chances to Win!

YOU may submit pictures of *any* subject in *any* contest. Prizes will be awarded in *six* classes, and your entries will be placed for judging in the classes in which they are most likely to win.

A. *Children.* Any picture in which the principal interest is a child or children

B. *Scenes.* Lanes, open or not, ewgates, street, travel or country scenes etc.

C. *Games, Sports, Pastimes, Occupations.* Baseball, tennis, golf, fishing, gardening, carpentry, etc.

D. *Still Life and Nature Subjects, Architecture and Architectural Details, Interiors.* Art objects, cut flowers, or any still life object in artistic arrangement, any nature subject, etc. Exteriors or interiors of homes, churches, schools, offices, libraries, statues, etc.

E. *Informal Portraits.* Close-up or full figure of a person or persons, excepting pictures in which the principal interest is a child or children (See Class A above.)

F. *Animals, Pets, Birds.* Pets (dogs, cats, etc.), farm animals or fowls; wild animals or birds, either at large or in zoos.

Prizes for United States

GRAND PRIZE
$2,500 in Cash and a Bronze Medal

141 PRIZES IN EACH CLASS

For the best picture in each class	$500
For the next picture in each class	250
For the next picture in each class	100
For each of next 5 pictures in each class	25
For each of next 133 pictures in each class (847 prizes, totaling $16,100)	10

STATE PRIZES FOR CHILD PICTURES

153 state prizes totaling $8,670 have already been awarded for child pictures made and entered in May and June, 141 other prizes for child pictures (see Class A) made in May, June, July and August will be given at the end of the general contest which closes August 31

International Awards

The best picture in each class from each country automatically enters International Competition to be judged for later awards at Geneva, Switzerland.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND AWARD
$10,000 and a Silver Trophy

INTERNATIONAL CLASS AWARDS
For the best picture in each of the six classes, a Gold Medal and $1,000 in cash.

* * *

Total U. S. Prize Money	$25,000
International Awards	16,000
Prize Money for rest of world	59,000
Total to be won...amateurs only	$100,000

NOTE that one picture may win a $500 class prize, the $2,500 Grand Prize for U. S. A. plus a $1,000 International Class Award and the $10,000 International Grand Award—a total of $14,000 for a single snapshot!

The simplest of snapshots may win a big cash prize. Only pictures made in May, June, July and August may compete. Get out with your camera today.

MOTHERS! FATHERS! Here's your chance! A chance to show that wonderful baby to the whole wide world... a chance to win big cash prizes with a simple snapshot of him.

For this is a contest where only picture *interest* counts. Photographic excellence is not the deciding factor. No skill is needed. The user of a Brownie, Hawk-Eye or the simplest Kodak has the same chance to win as owners of costly cameras. Only amateurs may compete.

Not only for Child Pictures

And the prizes! $25,000 for United States alone. 141 prizes in each of six classes that cover every conceivable picture subject... plus the U. S. Grand Prize of $2,500 and a medal.

The first prize winner in each class automatically enters the international judging at Geneva, Switzerland, where $16,000 more will be awarded. The International Award in each class is $1,000. The International Grand Award is $10,000 and a handsome silver trophy designed by a famous sculptor.

A simple snapshot... a picture of your boy or girl—or any other picture... may win as much as $14,000.

Famous People as Judges, Patrons

Photography is the universal language that brings nations, peoples, closer together; makes for international goodwill.

In recognition of this fact, famous people from all over the world have freely consented to act as patrons and judges of this friendly international competition.

European princes, oriental rulers... presidents and premiers, makers of history... leading figures in society, science and the arts... such celebrities are sponsoring this important event.

Winners of the United States prizes will be determined by the committee of five distinguished judges whose portraits appear below.

See your Dealer

And, with such prizes in sight, you will wish to use film you can depend on for clear, sparkling pictures. You *can* depend on Kodak Film, or the new Kodak *Verichrome* Film. Only Eastman makes these films. Both come in the yellow box.

So get busy! Keep your camera clicking. Clip the entry blank, enter to win!

* * *

Tune in for news of the Kodak contest over N.B.C. Red Network every Friday evening, 10 p.m. Eastern daylight saving time. Pacific Coast program, 9:30 p.m. Pacific time.

The Five Distinguished People who will decide winners of United States Prizes

Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, *Chairman of Judges*

Rudolf Eickemeyer, famous photographer *Judge*

Mary Roberts Rinehart, foremost authoress *Judge*

Kenneth Wilson Williams, editor of "Kodakery" *Judge*

Howard Chandler Christy, celebrated artist *Judge*

$25,000 in Cash Prizes for U.S.A. alone..

Read these simple rules:

1. This contest is *strictly* for the *amateur*. Any resident of U. S. A., Hawaii or Alaska is eligible, excepting individuals and families of individuals engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing or professional use of photographic goods

2. Contest starts May 1, closes August 31, 1931 (Also see No. 14.)

3. An entrant may submit as *many pictures* as he pleases and at as many different times as he pleases provided that the pictures have been made on or after May 1, 1931, that they are mailed under postmark dated *not later than* August 31, and that they reach Prize Contest Office not later than September 7, 1931. (See No. 14.)

4. Any Kodak Brownie, Hawk-Eye or other camera and any brand of film, chemicals and paper may be used in making pictures for this contest. A contestant need not own the camera. The finishing, of course, may be done by dealers or. Pictures may be made on roll film, cut film or film pack negatives. But pictures made on plate negatives are not eligible

5. Both regular-sized contact prints and enlargements are eligible. No picture is to measure *more than 8 inches* the long way. Prints shall be made from unretouched negatives only. *No coloring* or artwork of any kind shall have been done on either negative or print. *Prints shall be neither mounted nor framed.* Do not write even your name on either front or back of your pictures

6. Enclose an entry blank with each lot of pictures. Mail entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Use the entry blank on this page, obtain others from dealers, copy the form or write to the Prize Contest Office for a supply

7. *No entries can be returned.* All mailings are at owner's risk. *Do not send negatives with entries, but be sure they are in your possession and hold them ready to send on request.*

8. All pictures will be *judged solely on general appeal*—the interest they arouse. Photographic excellence or technique will not be the deciding factor in determining the prize winners

9. The decision of the judges shall be final. In the event of a tie, the advertised award will be paid to each of the tying contestants

10. Each prize-winning picture, together with the negative, and the first and sole rights to the use thereof for advertising, publication, or exhibition in any manner, becomes the property of the Eastman Kodak Company.

11. We are not responsible for [illegible] entries [illegible] U. S. Grand Prize [illegible] enter the International Competition

12. Although an entrant may win a prize on more than one picture, he may win [illegible] with the one picture. Nevertheless, the [illegible] pictures you send in, *the greater the chance that one of them will win a prize—a prize*

* * *

The following other rules apply to the offer of prizes for the best pictures made in each state, during May and June (A-1):

13. To be eligible for a prize in the Child Picture Contest, a picture shall fulfill the requirements of Class A, Child Pictures.

14. Special State Child Picture Contest closes on June 30, 1931. Entries must be mailed (postmark not later than that day) and received at Contest Office not later than July 7. All entries in Child Picture Contest [illegible] nets, and child pictures entered in [illegible] are eligible for prizes in Class A at the end of the general contest

For pictures of the prize-winning kind, use Kodak Film in the familiar yellow box, or the new Kodak Verichrome Film in the yellow box with checkered stripes.

The entrant need not specify the classes into which his pictures should go. The Prize Contest Office [illegible] and will place each picture in the class in which it seems best suited. [illegible] that judges shall not know the name of any picture maker [illegible] judged by a panel [illegible] Moreover, pictures and entry blanks [illegible] reach the Contest Office [illegible] Eastman Kodak Company will offer to prospective contestants [illegible] Kodak Film, Kodak Cameras and Kodak Verichrome Film. [illegible] be ready as soon as [illegible] take place

Entry Blank—*Clip it Now!*

Mail this blank with your entries to Prize Contest Office, Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. Do not place your name on either the front or the back of any picture.

Name [illegible]

Street [illegible]

City [illegible]

State [illegible]

AW-89

KODAK INTERNATIONAL $100,000 COMPETITION *for Amateur Picture-Takers*

Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

A Thrilling Story of Love, "Spooks" and Mystery

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Immediately the Door of the Study Flew Open and the Colonel Burst Out of the Room.

Almost incredible... the way this new kind of Face Powder foils the ravages of Sun and Wind

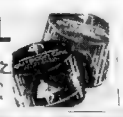
MADE WITH AN OLIVE OIL BASE, IT PROTECTS AND STAYS ON LONGER!

YOU DON'T need a skin specialist to tell you that too much sunshine is bad for your complexion. Tautness—a dry, tired feeling—little lines around the mouth and under the eyes—all give fair warning.

Here's the safe way to protect your skin from the harmful effects of sun and wind. Ess... powder with an Olive Oil base. Called Outdoor Girl Face Powder, it gives your skin and neck Thin Tissue all over. Particles of Skin Veil hide pores. Keeps your complexion smooth, supple. Keeps Vanishing Cream from caking. Stays on and looks its natural self—even after hours of exercise or perspiration.

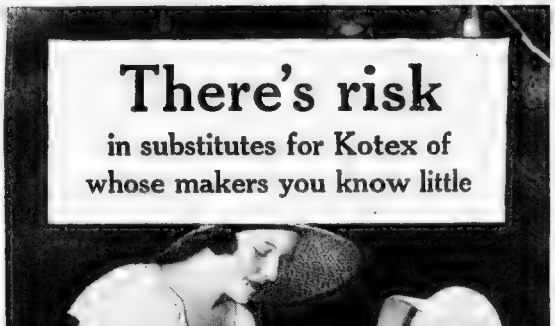
Try this fine face powder now! Discover for yourself how it can give your complexion an added charm of fresh Outdoor Girl beauty. Ten shades, including Tan Beige and Tan Rachel, for Brunettes; Rachel and Peach Glow for Blondes; Rachel and Flesh for Redheads. Ask for Outdoor Girl Face Powder at 10 cents stores. Or send 10c for a generous sample. Address: Dept. X-82, Outdoor Girl Laboratories, 132 Willis Avenue, New York City.

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL Face Powder



LIGHTEX for Oily Skins in the Red Box... With OLIVE OIL for Normal Skins in the Purple Box

There's risk
in substitutes for Kotex of whose makers you know little



There's always a health risk in pads of doubtful origin—you need the absolute safety and purity of Kotex

WITH so many "substitutes" for Kotex being offered on every hand, it is well to know the facts.

Some substitutes may have been used to imitate Kotex in outward appearance. But do not be misled.

Ask where these substitutes were made. How? By whom? Ask if they are used by leading hospitals, as Kotex is.

You will find that few offer anything like the strict, hygienic safety of Kotex. Yet this *health* protection should be your first concern. Certainly hygienic safety is worth far more than the few pennies you may save by accepting some substitute of whose makers you know nothing.

Why take chances, ever? This matter is too important. Kotex is available everywhere. Just insist on *genuine* Kotex. Then you know you're safe. Over 10,000,000 Kotex pads were bought by hospitals last year. No greater assurance of safety is possible.

Kotex assures comfort

Kotex assures your comfort in every way. It is made of 5 laminated layers of Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding, which carry moisture swiftly away from the surface. Thus Kotex stays soft and delicate.

Kotex is adjustable to individual needs, and may be used on either side without risk. It is treated to deodorize. It is designed for inconspicuous protection.

Kotex Company, Chicago

IN HOSPITALS...
1—The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals
2—*Kotex is soft*... Not *more*, as aspirin advertising would have you believe, but a delicate, lasting softness
3—*Can be worn on either side with equal comfort*, no embarrassment
4—*Disposable*, instantly, completely.

The new Kotex Belt

Brings new ideals of sanitary comfort! Woven to fit by an entirely new patented process. Firm yet light; will not curl; perfect-fitting.

KOTEX
Sanitary Napkins

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Yellow Ghost

MUCH as I hated to admit it, things certainly began to look bad for Dick Stoddard. Apparently Captain Hemming figured it was about time to make a pinch.

"What did Stoddard have to say?" he asked McCarthy.

"Nothing. Just seemed kind of dazed, as though he couldn't figure out what had happened."

"I though he admitted something about choking the Colonel."

"That was later, after the Doctor got here. You see, everything sort of happened at once. While I was phoning Headquarters Kelly got back with the Doctor. They went on upstairs, and I followed to see that the body wasn't moved. Goddard went with me, and when Dr. Wardly discovered finger marks on the Colonel's neck he said, 'I made those. I was choking him.'"

"I say!" Jimmy lighted a cigarette and glanced toward Hemming. "That doesn't sound very much like a guilty man."

"Why not?" the Chief snapped. "He was caught with the goods, probably thought it would pay better to make a clean breast of it."

"But he didn't," said McCarthy. "I though for a minute he was confessing, and I guess he realized it, because he turned on me pretty sharply and said, 'I was choking him but I didn't throw him down the stairs. That happened afterwards.' 'After what?' I asked. And he said, kind of dazed, 'After I'd left'."

It was Jimmy's turn to be impatient. "Why don't we get the story from Stoddard instead of listening to it second hand?"

The Chief nodded and turned to McCarthy. "Fetch him, Mac."

"O. K., Captain. I got him in a room down the hall."

As he left the group Jimmy moved away toward the body of the Colonel. For a moment he studied the prone figure, then spoke to the police surgeon. "You're sure that congestion was caused by choking?"

"Yes; it's a plain case of strangulation . . . only partial, however. Death was caused by the broken neck, not the throttling."

"I see." Jimmy turned and looked up at the landing. "But I don't understand how he happens to be lying where he is down. If anyone was strangling him, the movement would naturally be backward."

"He might have turned over as he fell," Jorrican suggested.

"Not in that space." Jimmy pointed out the closeness of the ceiling overhead. "He was an extremely tall man, and a complete revolution would have been impossible. It looks to me as though he took a straight dive forward over the railing."

"Perhaps Stoddard was strangling him from behind."

"In that case, the thumb marks would be on the back of the neck, wouldn't they, Doctor?" Jimmy asked, and the police surgeon nodded.

"You're right. The thumb marks are directly in front. Any strangling that was done must have been with the two men facing each other."

He was about to add more when the Captain raised a warning hand. Stoddard was coming down the hall with McCarthy. The change in him was terrible to see; he was looking dazed and uncomprehending, as though roused from a recent sleep. His blonde hair was standing on end and his usually immaculate linen was rumpled and soiled. At sight of Jimmy his eyes brightened and he would have hurried forward if it had not been for the detective.

"Thank heaven you've come, Lane," he said. "Perhaps you can get these fellows to listen to how it all happened."

"That's what I'm here for," Jimmy assured him, and the Chief added quickly:

"All we want is the truth, Mr Stoddard."

Jimmy glanced at him with a slight smile. "I'm afraid, Captain, you won't like it when you get it. I warn you it won't be what you're expecting." And to Stoddard, "Don't waste time trying to conceal why you're here. Norah's already told us you came to see the Colonel."

"Good. Then you know that another of those blamed letters came this evening. "It gave us just twenty-four hours to act, and I decided to tend to it myself. I was a fool, of course, but it seemed to me the quickest thing would be to come up here and see the Colonel."

"But he wasn't the one who was blackmailing you."

"So I found out later. But at the time we both thought it was he. I was afraid if I phoned ahead he'd be warned, so I came up to catch him unaware. I was expecting to find him at his own place, but when I got here there was a light in the upper window of this house and I rang the bell on the chance he might be here."

"And he was."

"Yes; he came to the door himself. I'm bound to say he seemed perfectly friendly and willing to talk. I suppose that should have warned me that he wasn't the fellow sending those letters, but I was obsessed with the idea and didn't stop to use my head. I made some sort of excuse for wanting to see him and he took me up to the library on the first floor."

"Did he seem nervous?"

"No; I left him quite composed. He was reading a book."

"Do you recall what book?"

"That's how you would like to beat the rap!"

"Did he have a visitor?" Stoddard asked. "I mean, was he expecting anyone else? The Colonel was going to see Dr. Wardly, but I thought he was being a fool. We had it hot and heavy. You know what the Colonel's temper was like. When I told him a blackmailer he went mad with rage and flew at me with that stick of his. For a moment it looked as though he was going to get the best of it, but I managed to get into the throat and close a little fist into him. It was along about there that I made up my mind he wasn't the one who was sending those letters."

"What made you realize that?"

"Because I went pretty far with that choking business—farther than I intended. When he got back his breath he swore on his honor that he'd never seen that envelope of stuff and hadn't sent those two blackmailing letters. He'd had a pretty bad shaking up and there was something about the way he talked that made me feel he was telling the truth. Not only that, he told me he was perfectly sure who was guilty."

"He meant Singh, of course," Jimmy interpolated.

"Yes, Singh. The Colonel said he was also in the room a good bit the day after Grant was found dead and it would have been easy for him to have taken the envelope from the files. He was furious at the fellow and offered to help me to get the stuff back, so we parted perfectly good friends."

"Did he come down to the door with you?"

"No; I left him sitting at the desk and came down myself. Only I didn't leave at once. While I was walking down-stairs I suddenly remembered the way Grant had fooled me Monday night, pretending not to have the envelope full of stuff when all the time it was in his files."

"I realized the Colonel was his brother, and it made me think the envelope wouldn't be much safer with him than with Singh. He'd said something about going through Singh's office on the second floor, and I thought I'd just take a look for myself. I was half way down the lower flight of stairs before I got the idea, then I stopped and went back to the second floor."

"Did you find anything?"

"Yes, I found the stuff about Norah. It was in a drawer of Singh's desk, tucked in between some other notes. I don't suppose—"

(Continued on Page 18)

Here's Simple Way To Really Get Rid Of Arm or Leg Hair

That Utterly Banishes Coarsened Re-growth

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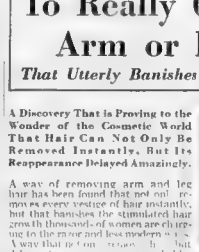

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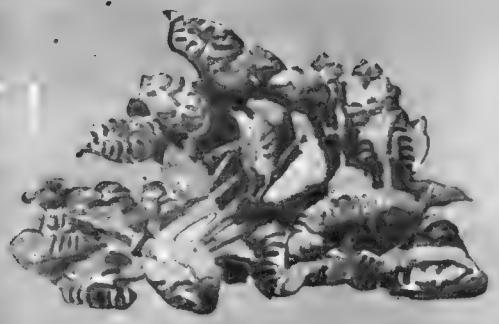

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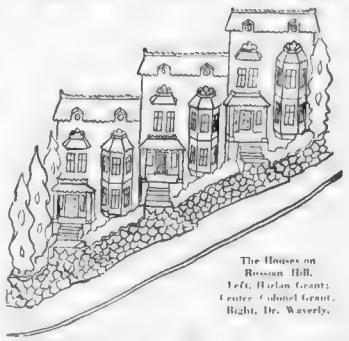
Fear Of Fear

By Florence Ryerson and Colin Clements

(Continued from Page 16)



The Houses on Russian Hill. Left, Harlan Grant; Center, Colonel Grant. Right, Dr. Waverly.

...ou've got everything ... convincing. I ... my words sounds impossible ... but it's the truth. If you won't accept my word ..."

His voice died away and he stood staring at the Chief helplessly.

Instead of coming to his rescue, Jimmy Lane moved down the hall and beckoned to McCarthy. A ... captor of the murderer ... was a look of smug satisfaction upon the Sergeant's face and a hint of swagger in his walk.

"Want to know anything, Mr Lane?"

"Sure. I want to know how soon you got into that room at the head of the stairs after the Colonel's death."

"Not for twenty minutes... or maybe half an hour."

"I suppose," Jimmy's voice held a note of sarcasm, "it never occurred to you that it might be a good thing to search the room from which the Colonel had just come?"

"Can't say that it did, Mr Lane. I'd already got the murderer and I knew there couldn't be anyone else in the house."

"Yes..." Jimmy paused a moment in thought, then, "What's the other man who was killed?"

"Why—" McCarthy called, and ... detached himself from the group at the other end of the hall. "Wilson, Mr. Lane wants to talk to you."

"I don't want anything I can't hear right here in front of everybody," Wilson answered with ... rough, but I noticed that he ... listened nervously and he ... shot at Jimmy Lane's first question.

"Did you look into the room upstairs tonight, Wilson?"

"Yes, sir, I did. Right after we came up. The Sergeant told me to go up on the landing and ... see how far it was to the door. As I went past the door I happened to glance in."

"Did you see anything?"

The man muttered, "Well no, sir. I wouldn't exactly say ..."

"Which means that you did," Jimmy interrupted. "What was it?"

"Why, sir—" he spoke slowly, ... choosing his words for a difficult ... "It was something yellow."

"What do you mean," McCarthy growled, "something yellow?"

"I don't know," declared Wilson ... "It sounds crazy, but there was ... something yellow at the ... end of the room."

"You mean by the curtains?" Jimmy asked.

"No, sir. There wasn't any light there, you understand, but I got ... out of feeling of ... something yellow."

"Do you mean it was on the floor?"

"No—" Wilson again fought for ... "It was ... from floor and ... I told ... I only ... of the corner of my ... I looked ... done. But I got to ... that there was ... something yellow here on the ... wasn't ... about a tall ... chair."

"How did you see it if it was ... ?" McCarthy demanded, and Wilson ... genuinely puzzled. "I don't know, Sergeant. Honest, I don't know any more than you do."

"I only got the feeling it was there, and that it was yellow. But when I ... back into the room it was gone."

"You mean you went into the room after?" Jimmy asked eagerly.

"Yes. Soon as I could get away. I went up and looked again. Funny thing: I ain't usually afraid of anything, but I was sort of upset when I come into ... room that my heart was pounding like it would bust. But there wasn't nothing there ... nothing at all."

"What do you think this thing you're trying to describe, at all like a ... be?"

Wilson glanced up quickly and I saw that his eyes held terror. ... nodded with something like relief, he seemed almost glad to ... us his thoughts brought into the open.

"Yes," he said. "I didn't like to say so because it sounded so ... but that's just what it did look like. Mr Lane. All sort of thin and misty, like a yellow ghost."

CHAPTER XIX.

Ruggles Collapses.

IT must have been ten minutes before anyone became coherent after Wilson's statement fell like a bombshell in our midst. The Chief was annoyed, almost abnormally so, I thought, and McCarthy surreptitiously crossed himself. For a time everyone talked at once, then Captain Hemming took charge of the situation and ordered Stoddard taken to Headquarters. Corrigan went with him, also McCarthy, who superintended the removal of the Colonel's body, which had been photographed while Stoddard was telling his story. With the departure of the coroner's men the house became quiet and we had time to catch our breaths.

"Where is the Colonel's daughter?" Jimmy asked Wilson. "Hasn't she been told about this?"

"Yes, sir. She got here right after Dr Waverly."

"How'd she stand the shock?"

"Pretty well considering. It was that Fiji Indian maid of hers who collapsed. Mr. Steeb went to pieces, too, and Mrs Steeb had to go back and take care of him."

"He wasn't here—of course—"

"No sir. They said he was in the other house, in bed."

"How about Singh?"

"He came over before Mrs Steeb but the Sergeant sent him back. Didn't want a lot of people massing around."

"Good," Captain Hemming nodded and gathered up his hat. "I don't think we need bother the Steebs tonight. As a matter of fact, there isn't much more to be done. It looks as if we've got a pretty straight case against young Stoddard."

I glanced at Jimmy to see how he was taking this, but he was, apparently, not disposed to argue. "Do you mind if we remain a little longer?" he asked the Chief. "I'd like to take another look around."

"Why, no. You can't do any harm so long as you don't touch anything. At the same time, I can't see that you'll do any good. What's your idea, Lane?"

"Haven't any," Jimmy admitted. "But unfortunately, I'm not like you officers of the law. I can't bring myself to discard evidence just because it doesn't fit somebody's pet theory."

"Well," Captain Hemming was shrugging on his heavy coat and drawing the collar up around his neck. "I'm with you, luck! If it's that stuff of Wilson's, that's worrying you my advice is to forget it. The rest nation is ... ample that it' laughable."

"Yes," Jimmy ... regarding him keenly. "I suppose you mean that un-shaded light on the landing—"

"Oh, you've thought of that, have you?" The Captain's voice sounded a little disappointed.

"I have," said Jimmy, and I heard him chuckle as Hemming went down the stairs.

I waited a moment for the explanation. When it wasn't forthcoming I asked irritably, "What's that un-shaded light got to do with Wilson's spook?"

"It's a little optical illusion that the Chief thought wouldn't occur to me," Jimmy explained. "Have you ever stared at a flame for a moment then looked at a dark surface?"

"Of course—" Suddenly I caught his meaning. "You think that Wilson was looking up at the landing and printed the light upon his retina so that the 'something yellow' he saw was nothing more than a reprint of the light against the curtains?"

"No," Jimmy corrected me, "that's what the Chief thinks. It's too early to say what I think. First, I want to look into that room above." But, instead of immediately climbing the stairs, he stood a moment lost in thought, then called Wilson. "You're dead sure nobody could have got out of that room upstairs without being seen?"

Wilson was positive. "Not unless he could fly, sir. From the time the Colonel fell there was never ... sight of anybody ... except myself and ... you did tonight."

Wilson obeyed, and a moment later he ... came from above. "No, sir. It don't look the same ... not the same at all."

"In what way does it differ? Can you tell us?"

"Sure I can tell you. This here is round and hard and bright. It stays in one place, just like the light. The other was sort of tall and wavery like ... sort of like somebody in a yellow veil. And while I was looking it moved."

"Good," Jimmy showed satisfaction, "that eliminates the light theory. Come on, Phil, it's time we looked into that room."

It wasn't until I was actually climbing the stairs that I realized the enormous excitement under which I was laboring. What Jimmy expected to find in the room overhead I had no idea, but whatever it was, my heart was pounding like a trip-hammer and my hands were shaking as we entered the door.

I ... was exactly like it ... except ... one light illuminated the room. It was on the desk, and it ... glow barely served ... to ... the ... of darkness, but ... my eyes became accustomed to the gloom, I picked out the gilded frame glowing dimly beyond the hanging curtains of dark velvet. Jimmy glanced at this and then toward the desk lamp.

"You can't get any reflection of that light in the mirror from the door," he said thoughtfully. "And even if you could, it would reflect green instead of yellow." He crossed to first one then the other of the davenports and regarded them intently for a moment, then moved on toward the curtain.

The heavy folds of velvet were half drawn, cutting off the room at the ... and ... of the shadows ... and ... thick and dark and strangely disturbing ... found my heart pounding again, but this time its pulsation was slow, not fast. It seemed to be marking some deadly rhythm with its muffled beat. There was a queer ... going steadily ... over me, a conviction that something infinitely evil and malignant lurked in the shadows of the room.

Ruggles was shivering with excitement under my arm. He was barking sharply and looking toward Jimmy with those strange speaking eyes of his which were brown with golden lights. Jimmy took him from me and planted him firmly upon his feet. I saw that he was holding a pistol and that it was pointed toward the curtains.

"Go seek!" he ordered "Good boy! Go seek!"

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 14)

Of course, you wouldn't have! Your pose of modernity would have vanished in a blast of righteous indignation. All your crinolined ancestors would have shrieked within you. The next thing I knew you'd have told your father and he'd be asking me my intentions. . ."

"You seem very sure of that," Pan broke in scathingly.

"As sure as I am of standing here."

The confidence in his tone maddened her.

"What makes you so sure?"

"A remark you once dropped . . . But I won't tell you what it was."

And again there was silence. The moonlight had robbed his face of its customary bronze. But he was still very handsome. His low, broad forehead, his clear-cut features, his straight mouth that tonight was more hard than humorous. Despite her anger against him, Pan felt a queer ache to put her arms around his neck, to raise herself on tip-toe and to ruffle his hair. All the same she said, and her voice was sarcastic:

"You think Suzette Mobray is what I'm not—typically modern?"

He laughed at that. "Dear child, do you think me a fool? Of course. Suzette isn't in the least modern. She is the typical attractive girl out to catch a husband. But she doesn't try to camouflage it, so you know where you are. If you don't want to be caught, you've ample chance to guard yourself. But you, you're far cleverer, Pan." He broke off abruptly, flung the butt of his third cigarette far out on to the lawn, rumbled apologetically, "Of course, I haven't an earthly right to say what I have to you. I suppose a gentleman wouldn't. But I'm accustomed to speaking my mind. If I've gone too far, I'm sorry. Let's go in, shall we? I suppose it's my fate to relinquish you to the sandy-haired fellow who appears so devoted?"

Pan followed him silently. She felt too stunned to make any retort. So he thought her conventional? He didn't think she'd have the pluck to put any of her theories to the test? A sham, a make-believe? Pan set her teeth and hated him.

The evening wore on. Quarrender did not speak to her again. She danced mechanically with Sandy, with other boys, but all of the while her thoughts whirled in a torrent of amazement and anger. Chaotic. Yet gradually, as the hours slipped by, one thought emerged, a savage resolution.

"Soon, Mr. Quarrender Hale," she thought fiercely, "your darned assurance is going to get a nasty jolt!"

CHAPTER VIII.

Rake Appears.

THE next day a stranger arrived in town. Even to Bolton, accustomed to strangers in the Summer, the man looked decidedly a stranger. His long, lean face had a yellowish, unhealthy pallor to it; his dark gray lounge suit was too foppish in cut to have come out of any New England store, while his spats did not somehow belong either to the set who came from Boston to Summer in the hills, or to the week-end crowd who came mainly because of the excellence of the golf course.

Bolton turned, as one, to look at him as he sauntered down the main street, swinging a gold-topped cane. He was so very tall, and so very thin, he had rather the air of one of those long wooden figures you carry in carnival processions. He in his turn, looked at the inhabitants of Bolton. There was amused cynicism in his glance. They were not his people, but he was tolerant towards them. Bolton, it must be said, did not feel so tolerant towards him.

"Unhealthy looking guy," more than one of the Boltonites remarked. "What's he want here?"

What he wanted he shortly made clear to a passer-by. He required to know where Miss Suzette Mobray lived. Having gained the information, he bowed his thanks and passed on. However, before he had gone very far his attention was caught by a girl sitting in a blue roadster. He stopped and stared at her. He usually did stare at attractive women. The odd part of it was so few of them resented it. The girl was not exactly pretty, but she was fascinating. She had a small squarish face, short bronze hair and a boy's small body.

He thought, "Ye gods, fancy wasting that here!" And decided to see what he could do about it.

"I wonder if you could tell me where Suzette Mobray lives?" he inquired of her, overlooking the fact that he had been told barely five minutes before.

"Suzette?" asked Pan. "Why, in Craigmoor, up on the hill. Do you know your way about here?"

The stranger said decidedly he did not know his way about here. And, while he said it, he looked hopefully at the vacant seat beside her.

Pan laughed outright. "I get the hint," she said. "Jump in. I'll drive you up there. . ."

The stranger got in. Dropping down beside her, he opened his cigarette case. "Care to smoke?" Then, as he lit one for her, "I'm in no hurry. Suzette doesn't expect me."

Pan turned her head and looked at him. "Your from New York?"

He nodded. "May I introduce myself? Raymond Dawson. Though," he added, "everyone calls me Rake."

Pan smiled tightly as she pressed the self-starter. "You like that, don't you? It flatters your self-esteem."

"Maybe," Rake admitted laconically. "Tell me," he added, "it may save me a journey. Did Suzette succeed in capturing the handsome Californian tennis player?"

Pan jerked her head towards him in surprise, narrowly missing a collision with a delivery truck. "What do you know about that?"

"Very little," he told her. "She merely informed me of her intention a short while ago in New York. But, I gather, she had not then met the gentleman."

"Did she?" said Pan grimly. She stepped harder on the accelerator. The roadster shot ahead at a great pace.

"What?" asked Rake, his eyebrows lifting superciliously. "You don't mean to say that you two of you after him? I certainly must see this stalwart lad."

"You can't," Pan returned shortly. "He left town today."

She did not think she liked this man anyhow. There was something not quite wholesome about him. Perhaps it was the feeling you had that he could read you with almost feminine insight. He could see through all your little ruses and artifices and laugh at you silently.

"Then I have arrived at a fortunate time," Rake commented mockingly. "Two lovely girls in need of consolation. I see I shall have my hands full during my stay here."

Pan jerked back her hair. A characteristic gesture. "That line doesn't go down with me," she told him sharply. "And, as it happens, I'm leaving town myself." She smiled as she said it, a secret smile. A joke known only to herself . . . all the same an odd tremor shot through her and her eyes hardened. Was it really a joke?

"Too bad," murmured Rake.

"Isn't it?" Pan agreed, smiling at him a little too sweetly.

"You're an odd kid," Rake told her.

"Because I haven't fallen for you?"

"Perhaps," he returned easily. "Maybe we could meet in New York," he suggested presently. "I'm opening a night club down on the lower East Side."

"The lower East Side?" Pan repeated incredulously. She did not know New York well, of course. In fact she had only been there once in her life. But, she had read a lot about it, and surely the lower East Side was a very odd place to start a new night club?

"Yes," smiled Rake. "But the society folk love to think they're slumming. That is, so long as there are no actual discomforts attached to it and the cook tastes as good as it does up town. I'll send you an invitation for the opening night."

"Thanks," said Pan shortly. But she managed to convey, by her tone, he might as well save himself the trouble. Rake glanced at her sideways. He couldn't decide what he thought about this girl. Decidedly she interested him. She made him feel unimportant. A new situation for Rake. He made another endeavor to catch her attention.

"I'm a sculptor really," he told her. "I've a studio in the Village."

"Then why the night club?"

"One must make money."

"And you don't with your sculpture? Are you too good—or too bad?" Pan smiled. By her tone she managed to make Rake feel he must defend himself.

"I've done one or two things that are rather worth while," he said casually. "But usually the things I like best myself don't sell."

"I've heard that story before —from second rate artists," she retorted.

Rake looked at her with a mixture of exasperation and admiration.

"Look here, did you offer me a ride just to insult me?"

"No, but you've proved too great a temptation," Pan confessed.

"You're a maddening little devil," he told her.

Pan just smiled. "I've heard that before. We're almost there now. Will Suzette be glad to see you or are you an indiscretion she wants to forget?"

Rake chuckled, "I'll be able to answer that when I see her. Seriously," he added, "I suppose I am an indiscretion. Rather a black one, I'm afraid."

"I guess you flatter yourself," said Pan, as she drew to the side of the road, near a fine looking house, built after the old Colonial style with imposing stone columns supporting the porch. She waved a thin freckled hand towards it. "There's the house. So long."

But Rake detained her. He gave her his card. "I hope we'll meet in town." His almost black eyes said more than that—audaciously.

Pan just laughed. "I wouldn't bank on it, Mr.—er—Rake Dawson." She thought, as she drove the car down the hill, "I don't like that man. Yet, in a way, he's attractive. Not his looks, certainly, but something about him. I can understand girls falling for him. I wonder if Suzette has, and what's doing between them?" But a little later she had forgotten Rake Dawson entirely. Something far more important to be thought of today. Such as finding out the address of a certain bungalow in Maine.

Meanwhile Rake was going up the long stone staircase that led to the Mobray front entrance. Odd that, having come all this way to see Suzette, he should be thinking of the girl he had just left in the roadster. The realization disturbed him. He had left New York he had been fairly certain in his mind that of all of the girls he knew, or had known, Suzette was the one. To assure her of this he had made the long journey. Lately the thought of her, even leaving moving around with that Quarrender Hale had annoyed him. So much so that he had determined to come to Bolton to find out how the land lay. But now, while with every step he was brought nearer to her, he found himself wondering who that attractive red-haired girl could be.

Suzette opened the front door just as he stepped on to the porch. She was frowning. She had just been on the 'phone to the Guerneys, only to learn that Quarrender had left that morning for some benighted spot in Maine. He had not said anything about it last night, and she felt a little hurt. She wondered if he had told Pan of his intention. Yet, on second thought, that seemed unlikely. She flattered herself that Pan was now a back number. It was annoying, too. She had meant to ask him to lunch today and had dressed for the occasion. Her dress was a flowered lilac muslin, very long, of no recognized style. Suzette was original enough to scorn a slavish acceptance of the current modes. When she had graduated she had evolved a style of her own and stuck to it.

Rake said softly, "Charming country maid . . . Can this be my Suzette of wild Village parties?"

Suzette's color came and retreated again. Rake's sudden appearance more than surprised her.

"Why, Rake . . . what are you doing here?" she stammered.

He smiled slightly, as he leaned against one of the stone pillars, holding his hat. "Don't make me say the obvious, Suzette. Mayn't I come inside and talk to you?"

"I suppose so," she murmured, and led him inside, through a square stone hallway to the large sitting room beyond. A stiffly furnished room, typically New England. Yet it was not an unattractive room. Something both pleasant and quaint about it. Around the walls hung oil paintings of Mobrays of past generations; some had a decidedly puritanical look to them. Rake saluted them mockingly.

"My dear Suzette, I had no idea you had such an ultra-spectable background. Yet I'm not surprised. I suppose it was really these stiff-necked old gentlemen against whom I had to contend that night in my studio. Despite your wish to be Bohemian they were there all the time, tugging at your skirts, so to speak, urging the Seventh Commandment upon you."

He stood there, in the middle of the floor, looking around him in amusement. Incredibly tall, and incredibly out of place in these surroundings.

"What are you going to do now you're here?" Suzette asked again presently, as she sank down on to a couch.

He smiled slowly down at her. "Love you, of course. What else do you think I've come for?"

There was lightness in his tone, but Suzette was not deceived. Passion burnt in his eyes, and, although his hands were in his pockets, she felt them caress her. Something electric was in the air. It passed from him to her. She could feel its current throbbing through her veins. She tried to escape from it and, with a quick gesture, turned her head to look at those stern old ancestors hanging on the walls. After all, this was her own home, her own atmosphere. She needn't be afraid of Rake here.

Rake intercepted her glance and, because of that feminine streak in his mind, he understood. He dropped down on to the couch beside her and gripped her wrists. "Don't appeal to them, dear. They and their principles are dead things. What I offer you is living. Haven't you ever been in the least sorry you were a coward that night in my studio and ran away?"

"No . . . no." But the sound lacked conviction. She added, breathlessly. "You know I wouldn't have run away, Rake, if I hadn't found that statue. You'd just modeled her that day . . ."

He stroked her hands. She shivered once, and half-withdrew them, but didn't. "Silly baby. What was a little model compared with us? What did you care about the others?"

"It was the others in the future," she whispered. "The thought of them . . ."

He was about to contest that when the picture of that red-haired girl in the blue roadster leapt to his mind. Stunning kid, and that insolent line she had . . . For the first time in his life he felt ashamed of himself. For he knew that while half of his mind had been occupied with Suzette, the other half had been thinking of that other girl. He did not even know her name. . . Was he really a cad, he wondered? But he could not believe he was. It was just that women had a fatal attraction for him. Directly he felt sure he had the one girl he wanted, he had the other . . . but was it his fault? He determined to drive the red-haired girl from his mind. She would probably never see her again, and here was Suzette whom he had come all the way from New York to see.

"We might even have married," he murmured. "We may yet."

She shook her head, and laughed weakly. "I'm not quite a fool! You, with three marriages already to your credit. When I marry I want it to be lasting."

He frowned and looked down at his feet. "Well, why not? And, as we agreed before you funked it, we ought to try it out first, a companionate marriage." Suzette's lips curled. "My people would call it by a different name."

"Well, good heaven, you surely didn't intend to send them an announcement!" he exploded.

Suzette laughed tremulously. And there was a pause. But it was an uncomfortable pause.

"Come back to New York," Rake urged, "I'm going to open up a night club on Grand Street."

Suzette raised her satiny eyebrows incredulously, "You the proprietor of a night club, Rake?"

His sallow skin flushed slightly. "I have to have money. I've never made more than a pittance with my sculpture, you know. And a pal, the one I went down to Florida with, by the way, has offered to come in with me. He's going to supply the cash. He has oodles of it. Besides, he knows all the big bugs in high finance who will bring their wives and daughters."

"Humph." Suzette murmured scептically. "Their mistresses, most likely."

Rake shrugged. "What does it matter, if they pay the bills? I thought you might like to come and be my hostess."

"What about my acting?" she demured.

He laughed at that. "What has your acting ever been but, a first an excuse to see me—later to remain on in New York?"

She admitted it, reluctantly.

"There's nothing to keep you here—now that you've lost all hope of becoming the wife of the famous tennis player," he pointed out with some malice.

Suzette looked up at him quickly. "How did you know?"

"I met a little girl in the main street who drove me up here." He paused, and added with deliberate casualness, "Darn pretty kid. Red hair and drives like the devil."

"Pan!" Suzette ejaculated No other girl in town who answered to that description.

"Pan." Rake murmured softly, while he kept his eyes on Suzette "Has she another name?"

"Penambles," Suzette told him. And suddenly she felt fierce, and a little sick at the same time. She thought, "Surely he isn't going to fall for Pan." She tried to tell herself she did not care, but she knew she did care. She had been willing enough to wrestle with Pan over Quarrender, much in the spirit of a game. But it would not be a game to fight over Rake. Rake was hers. A hard little lump of possessiveness rose within her. She was up against it now—whatever he had done, whatever he would do, she could not give up Rake. It was not so much that she loved him. At times she both hated and despised him. But he had a power over her. When he looked at her, as he was looking at her now, he could make her bones feel like putty. He could make her will so weak that it needed something desperate to stir her resistance . . . such as that statue of the little model. And it was not the actual statue that had enraged her, but that Rake should have modeled her like that that very day.

The luncheon gong sounded. Suzette started to her feet. "Come along in to lunch and meet my people." She seemed to breath easier, as though momentarily thankful for the interruption.

Rake shook his head, his lips twisted in amusement. "Frail not, dear. Meeting the parents isn't exactly my strong suit."

He added quickly, "I'm staying at the Mohawk Inn, a few miles down the road. You have a car? Drop down there this evening. We can have supper, dance . . . and talk."

"Talk?" Suzette echoed scептically. She tried to laugh, but her voice was shaken. There was fear in her heart, but she knew she would go. She wished she did not know it so certainly. She wished she could be strong and tell Rake to go to the deuce. If only Quarrender Hale had not gone away, he might have saved her. At least she would have had a ready excuse.

"I can't," she said.

Rake merely smiled. "You'll come, dear."

Suzette said brokenly: "Sometimes I just hate you, Rake."

And Rake knew he had won.

CHAPTER IX.

Mad Adventure.

FURIOUSLY Pan plotted and planned. And then, three days later, a blue roadster, low slung and speedy, raced up a Maine highway. At the wheel sat the tense figure of a girl, auburn hair flowing straight back off her small spunish face, her mouth slightly grim because of the speed she was making and the necessity of taking the curves without mishap. But her eyes smiled as though she were simmering inside with some good joke.

And she was.

It had all been so easy.

Almost too easy. The more obstacles to overcome, the more she felt she would have enjoyed this mad adventure, the first chance she had ever had of putting her theories to the test. Her mother had been satisfied by some vague story about visiting an old school chum. She was so used to Pan dashing off at a moment's notice to stay with some friend or other, she had not demurred.

And the address of the bungalow in Maine . . . easy, too. Luck had favored her. Quarrender had lent her a book on lawn tennis. Pan had forgotten to return it. Nothing simpler than to phone his aunt, Mrs. Guerney, and ask for his address so she could post it back to him. Subterfuge? Underhand work? Well . . . Pan shrugged. She had toyed with the idea of telling her own people straight out. But parents were parents, and parents had feelings and there seemed no sense in deliberately hurting those feelings.

She chuckled from time to time, thinking, "Darn you, Quarrender Hale, did you really think I were going to get away with what you said to me that night at the dance?"

The Summer twilight was graying rapidly. The road became narrower, rougher as she neared her destination. The bungalow, she had gleaned, was set in one of the little inlets which studded the coast. Isolated, Quarrender had said. Perhaps just as well. She smiled, tightly.

Nearer, nearer . . . then, ping gurr . . . she jammed on her brakes, the auto swerved as she drew it

(Continued on Page 20)

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Strange and Interesting Americans

(Continued from Double Page)

dition when the great General Pershing gathered the whole United States Army, traveled down into Mexico to capture the bandit Villa, and after flounder-ing around came back without him. How can these few American officials hope to control the lives and interfere with the ancient businesses of a half-civilized people who like their own ways better?

Following up my Chinese friend's tip that girls could still be bought provided the purchaser married them all, I found that this marriage clause applies only to Mohammedan Sulu, but was told that slavery still exists in many places in the Philippine Islands in one form or another and that people are even sold for human sacrifice. However, the problem is slowly being solved by making the price of slaves prohibitive, probably the only way it can ever be stamped out. Historians say that the real reason slavery has disappeared in civilized countries is because it does not pay in competition with machinery. It is reported that in the Russian lumber camps the Soviet Government forces men to work under conditions that are virtually slavery. But the output is unsatisfactory and, in the end, it will probably be found more profitable to provide up-to-date equipment and pay enough wages to attract voluntary labor.

In 1926 the slavery situation in the Philippines was brought to the attention of the American people because many of its victims were half-breeds, fair-haired and blue-eyed boys and girls, children usually of an American father and Filipino mother. Tropical climates are not kind to the white race and many of these fathers had died or been invalided home, leaving a native mother with a half-white child to be brought up as a white child should be and no money on which to do it.

These half-breeds often look like full-blooded Americans and are usually bright children. However, the mixture of bloods gives them a high-strung, over-emotional nervous system and they are extremely sensitive and proud. In the native schools they easily surpass the pure-blooded Filipino child, but cannot endure the taunts of schoolmates if they must appear in rags. They run away unless dressed as a self-respecting white child should be dressed.

These little runaways fall easy victims of the slave dealer. In 1926 an appeal was made to charitable people in the United States to supply funds for the care of some 400 cases that had been found and rescued from slavery. Some of these cases, as printed in the American Weekly at the time, are as follows:

A little girl, less than four years old, was reported found outside of Manila, tied under a barn, with pigs and chickens. Her flaxen hair and blue eyes stamped her as an "Americana," but her ancestry and brief history had been lost. She hadn't even any name. The old hag who "owned" her and at intervals fed her with food that was hardly better than garbage, stuck to the story that she had "just found her." The food may have been the best the woman could supply because she herself had to live by scavenging. The child was covered with sores, but after six months in a hospital was restored to health and was later a normal youngster, doing well in school.

As a four-year-old that girl had little cash value to the old hag, who was merely keeping her alive as best she could until she should reach the age of twelve or fourteen. Then she would feed her "slave" a little better for a few months to fatten her up, put a clean dress on her and sell her to one of the disreputable houses frequented by sailors in Manila and other seaports. There the fattening process would be continued until she was a presentable human being, a blonde, worth money.

Being a complete ignoramus who had been kept tied up like a dog, with no knowledge of her rights, the girl would do as she was told and think that because her new masters gave her more to eat and a better place to sleep in, she ought to be thankful to remain a prisoner and submit to anything that might be required. Though a prisoner, she would not be likely to attempt to escape for fear that the old hag would catch her and tie her under the barn again.

What her fate would have been is pictured by the reported case of little Amy, a nine-year-old half-breed, who was working in one of those houses of ill-repute, condemned to the wretchedest drudgery, never allowed to go to school nor even to run errands for fear she might escape or that someone might investigate the home of this very American - looking child. Her American father had died, leaving her native mother destitute. The mother, seeing no other way to make a living, had become an inmate of the house and brought her baby girl with her.

Then the mother had died and the house "owned" Amy, body and soul. While the little girl was still too young to follow her mother's "profession," the house let her more than earn her keep by making a drudge of her. Amy had no idea that anyone was taking advantage of her until an American sailor, ashore on a spree, visited the place and took notice of the child when she served him a drink.

"You are half Yank," he said, but Amy did not know if that was true or what it meant and merely shrugged her shoulders. The sailor was too shrewd to appeal to the local police, who would probably have made a perfunctory investigation and, reported nothing wrong. Instead the sailor wrote a strong, if somewhat misspelled, letter to the Governor General, who promptly raided the place and rescued her.

The Chinese proprietor of an opium den in Manila was said to have made a business of buying little half-American girls for resale to wealthy Chinese. He paid what was then the market price of $15 a head, but the prices he got for them varied according to the attractiveness of each one, sometimes as high as $100 for a twelve-year-old showing exceptional beauty. This profitable traffic went on for several years, but the dealer in human beings was finally caught, thrown into prison and forced to give the names of the customers to whom he had sold girls. Stern measures forced these much-pampered gentlemen to give up their purchases.

A native farmer on the island of Mindoro was reported to have obtained ownership of two small "Americanas" from a neighbor whose step-children they were. The price he paid was two perfectly good young pigs and the neighbor thought him a fool. But the farmer had found that there was a market for this young human merchandise in Manila, about 300 miles to the north. In his sailboat he took them to Manila and sold the children, who were girls, one six and the other eight years old, for $20 each and got orders for as many more as he could find.

Back he went with the hope of obtaining the exclusive slave agency for the island of Mindoro, but in his ambition he became so active and open about his canvassing that it ended in his own arrest and that of the principal at Manila.

While these and other arrests did not stop the slave traffic, it made the price of little American girls so high that few Chinese could afford the almost prohibitive figure, and there is the further risk that the authorities may take the purchase away from the customer.

Boys are not so valuable as slaves because little return can be gotten from their services until they are mature and then it is harder to keep them from running away. They are, however, sometimes bought for purposes of human sacrifice, and then are more valuable than girls, whom the spirits do not care much for. Half-American boys frequently are found abandoned and living like animals. One of these sad cases was recorded only under his first name of Tom.

Tom's father, a former American soldier, had gone back to the United States. Tom was found living in an empty packing crate in a dark corner of a filthy shed. He knew no home, had forgotten about his parents and his only means of getting food was by theft. His hair was matted with dirt and his body encrusted with it. His manner and methods of life suggested the furtive rat.

Found at the age of seven, he was practically a wild animal, with the impulse to run and hide at the approach of human beings. Cornered, he crouched, snarled, and finally bit and kicked like a trapped beast. He looked hardly worth saving, but a thorough scrubbing transformed him into a good-looking, though rather emaciated, white boy. Kind treatment and plenty of food worked wonders. In a few weeks he had gotten over his fear of human beings and was able to go to school, where in a couple of years he had already forged ahead of the children of purely native stock.

A Tagalog fisherman, living in a wretched shack on the banks of the Pasig River just outside of Manila, was reported to have acquired ownership of a small American boy, for a consideration, less than two dollars. The boy was a bright little chap of nine years and proved very useful in helping the fisherman with his traps. Investigation showed that he was the son of an American shipping clerk who had died in the islands and left no means for his native wife to bring up the boy.

Someone had kindly volunteered to take him off her hands and then passed him on to another, and presently the mother lost track of him, if she ever tried to get him back, which is doubtful. The fisherman's fish traps were valuable and he could not spare any of the salable parts to feed a slave boy on, so Harry lived mostly on the heads and insides. By the time he was rescued he was a pretty sick boy, with an almost ruined digestion. But it was not quite ruined and after a year's treatment he recovered entirely.

Like all other slaves, Harry had no suspicion that he was being ill-treated. The fisherman and his wife had no children of their own and had promised him that when he grew up he, too, would be allowed to eat the good parts of the fish. Harry had supposed that decent food, like smoking and drinking, was only for grown-ups and that all children had to live on heads and insides of fish.

Fish are plentiful and cheap, for the waters about the Philippine Islands swarm with life, like all tropical seas. The methods of the native fishermen are picturesque but absurdly crude. What is known as a "fish drive" is a common method. Boats start off, one behind the other, and form a large circle, which is gradually drawn smaller and the fish are herded into the centre of the circle. Then they are speared with long spears.

Next Sunday I will relate what I learned of human sacrifices in the Philippines.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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Norwich

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Pandora Lifts the Lid

By Jenefer Ames

(Continued from Page 19)

to the side of the road.

"Oh, the deuce!" thought Pan. "It's that rotten back tire. I ought to have changed it before I left the hotel this morning." She had spent the night on the way.

Nothing to be done, but to change the tire now. She jumped from the car, opened the tool box, searched for the jack. But it wasn't there. Then she remembered having left it at the local garage to be mended, and, in the excitement of her planning, forgotten to fetch it. Here she was in a fix! She'd better stop a passing auto. But she wished this had happened on the main highway, and not on this miserable little side road.

She sat down on the running board, to wait, crossed her legs, lit a cigarette. She felt she needed it. Not that she had any nerves. Pan scoffed at nervy women, but she was assailed by a sudden sense of uneasiness. What exactly would happen when she presented herself brazenly on the doorstep of the bungalow where stayed Quarrender Hale?

"Well, if he doesn't like it, he must admit he brought it upon himself," she thought in self-justification.

All the same she was troubled—uncomfortably so. The result of the swift falling darkness, most likely. Driving down in the bright sunshine she had been confident. In saying what he had, had he not deliberately dared her to come?

She saw the headlights of an auto approaching. Throwing down her cigarette, she sprang into the middle of the road, waving vigorously. The auto, a rickety flivver, whose career had started soon after the war, slowed down with much grinding of brakes.

"Has there been an accident?" a man's voice called hopefully.

"Only to my tire," Pan shouted back.

"Tough luck," answered the voice, a pleasant voice, Pan thought. The next moment its owner looked out of the gloom. He was a medium-sized, well-built young man, with attractively irregular features.

"Your view point seems rather inhuman," Pan could not resist suggesting. "You sounded quite upset there hadn't been an accident."

The young man considered it. "I didn't really want a nasty messy accident," he apologized. "But just a pleasant minor accident that would give me a job. You see, I'm a doctor. I'm trying to start a practice round about here, but it's tough going, I tell you. Everyone is disgustingly healthy. I haven't had a real paying accident for a month!"

Pan had an idea, he was grinning, but she answered with mock seriousness: "That's too bad, really. If I'd known I'd have run the auto into that ditch and got myself thrown out. Then you could have supplied me with bandages and splints. As it is I only want a jack for my car."

"Oh, I always knew I should have been a motor mechanic instead of a doctor," groaned the young man. "I've been down here three months and that's all people ever do want of me, jacks, screw drivers, pumps and patches for their rotten old tires, things I can't charge 'em for. And, all the while, I'm longing to give them a nice fat pill or a bottle of nasty medicine that I can charge 'em for. Still, the big generous hearted philanthropist, that's me, I suppose, seeing you're a girl, I'll have to help you change the tire, too."

"You are a Sir Galahad," Pan laughed at him.

The young man changed the tire. Pan reflected, with satisfaction, she had never yet had to change a tire for herself on the open road. And while he worked, Pan, according to the custom of her generation, threw slighting remarks down at him, derided his clumsiness, scoffing at him for the length of time he took over the job. Which all went to show she highly approved of him.

"See here," said the young man, angrily, "This is the last time I ever play Sir Galahad, blast ye. You're the most ungrateful young wench I ever met in my life."

Which also went to show he highly approved of her.

But you can't go on changing a tire all night however long you are in the process. Presently, Pan was in the auto again and the young man stood, bare-headed, on the road beside her.

"I suppose I'm right for Cape Harring?" she hazarded.

"Gosh! Are you going to Cape Harring?" he asked eagerly. "I live near there. Built my own wood shack and do my own cooking. With whom are you staying? The Grahams? The Woods?"

Pan shook her head. "No, just with a friend. Please consider I've thanked you sufficiently, dear knight. Now I must push on. I hope everyone except myself gets scarlet fever or mumps so you'll be kept busy. So long."

The blue car sped away into the darkness. Young Doc Stewart stood staring after it. "Peppy kid," he commented. "Hope I see something more of her. I wonder who she is staying with and why the deuce should she be so secretive about it?"

Meanwhile Pan, on her part, honored him with a thought or two.

"Nice fellow," she mused. "Quite a good line he has. Yet, now I come to think of it, why shouldn't a doctor hope for jobs just like an architect? I suppose they do, though most of them won't admit it. I might have been interested in him, before I met Quarrender."

The thought of Quarrender sent the shade of Doc Stewart scutting into oblivion, because now she must be very near the bungalow. Fatally near . . . Yet the meeting with Chris Stewart had done much to dispel those unpleasantly disturbing fears which had come over her as she had sat waiting on the roadway.

She knew, as girls do know, that Chris Stewart had found her attractive. He had been purposely long in changing that tire. And the knowledge did much to restore her flagging self-confidence, to re-establish the old Pan, confident in her power over any man she cared to annex.

Quarrender had dared her, and she had taken up the dare. That was all, wasn't it? She told herself she wasn't afraid of any stupid old consequences. For what consequence could there be in this modern age? Besides, every girl with a whit of intelligence knows how to take care of herself, even if Quarrender were disposed to play the sheik.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Crabs Are Delicious as Cocktails or Courses

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

CRAB is a crustacean whose flesh tastes much like that of the more aristocratic and hence expensive lobster. There are chiefly two varieties, the hard-shell or blue crab of the Atlantic coast and soft-shell crab. Both have their season from May until the middle of October. Hence crab is a plentiful food, which should be considered by the Summer hostess.

The meat from the hard-shell must be taken from the inner top of the back and from the claws. The center of the body is filled with a soft yellow "liver" which is considered a delicacy by the expert, especially when mixed with the eggs, or, as they are called, "coral."

Soft-shell crabs are at their best just when they are casting off the old shell in favor of the new. In the market they come always packed in seaweed and should be kept moist and in such a position that their gills are always wet.

Crabs must always be alive when bought. To prepare hard-shells, plunge **head first** into rapidly boiling **water which has** one teaspoon **salt to each** one quart, and **boil 20 minutes.** Put in cold water to **cool.** Pull off the claws and the "apron," removing shells or keeping the upper one whole if it is to be used in the service. Break the body in half, crack the larger claws, and pull out the meat with a nut pick. Scrape the soft white material from the shell and add to the meat. The fat is dark green or black and may not look edible, but is delicious and should be saved. A dozen crabs will furnish enough meat to fill 8 or 9 shells, in a dish like deviled crabs, etc.

The entire soft-shell crab may be pan-fried without previous boiling. Wash carefully, lift up the flaps on either side of the rear shell and pick off the "feathers" found under them. Remove the hard central "apron" and dry well. Then sprinkle with salt, pepper and lemon juice and broil or pan-fry until crisp, which will take from 15 to 20 minutes.

In addition to these two main classes of fresh edible crabs, the housewife may turn to the excellent canned crab, chiefly of Japanese origin. This Japanese crab is a mammoth of its species, often attaining a weight of 20 pounds and having a claw expanse of more than 10 feet. Naturally such a huge crustacean would have an ample supply of rich meat in its body and claws. The meat of this crab is much more like lobster, closely fibred, white or a rose pink.

For salads, cocktails and other Summer dishes it is most easy to use and very economical, considering there is no waste and no loss of time in preparation. For flavor, however, probably **the** fresh Atlantic crab is in the lead because the flesh is more delicate, more sweet, and with a more true crab flavor.

Sometimes the housewife wonders why canned crab is packed with a parchment paper lining on the inside of the can. This is because such fish flakes contain iron and phosphorous and may act upon the tin and thus turn the meat black. The parchment paper is used to protect the pack and keep it white.

The best quality of Japanese crab should have plenty of white "hump" meat, and large flakes and whole claw meat. In unpacking it will be found that there is a considerable amount of bony membrane, which of course should be picked out carefully as to not to spoil the shape of the meat. Canned fish of all kinds are best kept on ice several hours before opening.

And now for the cooking or other preparation. Most crab which is to be used for salads or cocktails gains in flavor if it is treated to a short marinate or dressing of lemon or other seasoning before the final preparation. Thus one may marinate crab meat in lemon juice, weak vinegar, or in chili sauce before combining with other ingredients into a salad.

The cocktail is an especially pleasing way of serving crab meat or flakes in the Summer menu. All that is necessary is to make a good cocktail sauce, have it chilled, have the flakes chilled, and combine both and serve. An attractive way of offering a crab or other fish cocktail is in green pepper cases which have been seeded and cut so they will sit level.

Another service is to make nests or small portions of salad in watercress and arrange on the platter tiny molds of lemon aspic, passed with a mayonnaise into which chill sauce has been beaten. Sprinkled hard egg yolks is always an acceptable garnish to crab or fish salads.

For the main dish of the Summer luncheon deviled crabs are always suitable and appear much more elaborate than they really are. A recipe follows which may be packed into the cleaned shells or into small glass individual baking dishes. Scalloped crabs or flakes is less hot and spicy and is made, by adding a thick cream sauce to the picked flakes and then placing under the broiler or in a moderate oven for 10 minutes to grill and brown.

A crab aspic is most cooling and has the advantage that it can be prepared many hours in advance of use. It may be embedded in a clear lemon jelly, or made more elaborate by the addition of rings of pepper, sliced olives, gherkins, etc. A piquant mayonnaise adds variety to either aspic or salad, and it is well to remember that tomatoes or tomato sauce, catsup or chili sauce is an excellent addition and almost as indispensable as lemon and lemon juice. Watercress and celery and sharp pickle also do their share to make the crab dish pleasing to the eye as well as flavor.

Devilled Crabs.

Ten crab shells; 1 cup hot thick cream sauce; 1 beaten egg-yolk; 1 cup crab meat; 2 teaspoons Worstershire Sauce; 1 teaspoon minced parsley; 1 tablespoon catsup; dash of nutmeg; buttered crumbs.

Stir egg into sauce, add crab and seasoning. Fill shells rounding full, cover with crumbs. Bake about 10 minutes in moderate oven until brown.

Crab Flakes in Sauce.

Use a thick white sauce and add ¼ cup cream. Use 1 cup cooked rice or 1 cup cooked celery and lay on greased shallow baking dish. Cover with crab meat, pour over sauce, sprinkle lightly with crumbs and grill until brown.

Crab Salad.

Marinate the meat in lemon juice and chili sauce. Serve in lettuce nests with slices of ripe red tomato and strips of green pepper.

Crab Cocktail.

One and a half cups picked canned crab.

Sauce: ¼ cup tomato catsup, ½ cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire, 1 tablespoon grated horseradish, 1 teaspoon tobasco, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons grated onion, 2 tablespoons minced celery. Blend and pour over crab meat.

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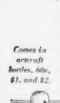

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Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Figs or Prunes, Prepared Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Popovers, Coffee.	Fruit, Corn Omelet, Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Creamed Dried Beef, Hot Baking Powder Biscuits, Coffee.	Peaches, Cream Sauce Omelet. Bacon, Corn Muffin Coffee.	Figs or Ripe Pears, Broiled Tomatoes, Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Fruit. Soft Cooked Eggs, Rolls, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Minced Celery and Chopped Peanut Sandwiches. Iced Chocolate.	Tuna Fish Salad or Baked Macaroni, Sliced Tomatoes, One Egg Cup Cakes with Jam Icing. Fruit Punch.	Savory Stuffed Eggplant, Rolls, Pineapple Sundae, Iced Tea.	Corn Chowder, Tomato Salad, French Dressing. Easy Apple Pie.	Honeydew Melon, Sandwiched Ground Left-Over Sausage. Shredded Cabbage al Grated Carrots (Graham Bread) Iced Tea.	Beet Greens With Hard Cooked Eggs, Graham Biscuits, Gooseberry Jam. Iced Cocoa with Whipped Cream.	Parsley Potato Balls (Cream Sauce), Tomatoes Stuffed with Vegetable Salad. Caramel Blanc Mange. Whipped Cream.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*(Company)*	*(Cold)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Cantaloupe and Peach Cocktail. Chow Mein, Buttered Green Vegetable. Soufle (Coffee or Caramel).	Old English Steak and Kidney Pie (Prepared in Morning). Jellied Cucumber Salad. Tokay Cream Sherbet. Delicate Cake.	Roast Lamb, Mushroom Stuffing, Mint Sauce. Buttered Green Peas. Browned Potato Puff. Individual Ice Cream Shortcakes.	Assorted Smoked Sausage (Very Thinly Sliced). German Potato Salad. Graham Ice Box Rolls. Raspberry Shrub Punch.	Baked Veal Croquets. Stuffed Tomatoes Eggplant Delmonoi Potatoes Spaghet. Apricot Frapp.	Hamburger Steak. Mashed Potatoes or Buttered Noodles. Jellied Beets. Cabbage and Green Pepper Salad. Grapejuice Sherbet. Mystery Cake.	Emergency Sandwiches or Salad (Left-Overs). Toasted English Muffins. Currant or Cherry Jam. Fruit Punch or Iced Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns

A SMART DRESS FOR YOUTHFUL FIGURES (7262). Designed in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size is made as illustrated in the large view will require 3¾ yards of one material for skirt, waist and sleeves, and ½ yard of contrasting material for yoke portion, belt and cuffs, 39 inches wide.

A PRACTICAL HOUSE FROCK (6749). Designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. To make the frock for a medium size will require 4 yards of 35-inch material. Contrasting material requires ⅝ yard 35 inches wide, cut crosswise.

A BECOMING STYLE FOR THE LARGER WOMAN WITH SLENDER HIPS (7261). Designed in 9 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. A 46-inch size will require 4½ yards of 39-inch material. To trim as illustrated will require 2 yards of lace edging and ⅛ yard all-over lace 18 inches wide.

A PLEASING MODEL (7269). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. A 4-year size with long sleeves will require 1¾ yards 32 inches wide. Without the long sleeves, 1⅛ yards will be required.

A DAINTY FROCK FOR FESTIVE OCCASIONS (7100). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 14-year size if made with cap sleeves and peplums will require 3¼ yards of 39-inch material. Without the sleeves and peplums, 2⅜ yards will be required.

GIRL'S APRON (7278). Designed in 5 sizes: 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 10-year size requires 1⅝ yards of printed or other material and ½ yard of contrasting material 32 inches wide. Without contrast, 2 yards.

GIRL'S DRESS (7072). Designed in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. It requires 1½ yards of 32-inch material for a 2-year size. To trim with lace edging requires 3 yards.

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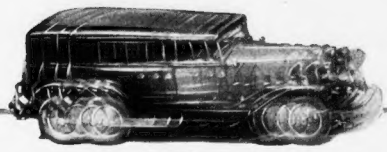

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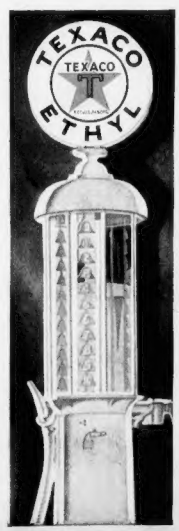

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